FLICK

JULY
1977
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ODYSSEY!
S/M LEATHER
BITCH WHO
LIKES IT IN
THE REAR!

PUNK ROCK:
SNEAK PORNO
PICTURES OF
BACKSTAGE
GANG-BANGS!

HOW
NYMPHO
PORN-GIRLS
GIVE HEAD
AT HOME!

FLICK

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GET YOURS!

SEE PAGE 14

EDITORIAL—FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

■ You are sitting here reading this book because you decided of your own free will to pick it up. Nobody forced you to spend money on it. Nobody told you what or what not to look at. It is up to the individual what you choose to put into your mind.

However, there are those who would control you by controlling your environment. These people would like to regulate everything you do, for their own evil ends.

This is just a reminder that it is up to the individual to guard his own rights. Never allow anyone to censor or prejudge anything for you. If people lose the right to make up **their** own minds, we become nothing more than drones, something far less than human. I hope you are sufficiently entertained by the contents of this book.

Another public service announcement by G. Goodman, Editor and guardian of public morals.

And now for some dirty letters:

Dear Editor:

I notice that you've been running a lot of sexy letters in your magazine. I have a story for you that you just won't believe!

I was in a public toilet the other day, with my pantyhose down around my ankles. (I'm a stewardess, and I had just gotten off a hairy flight). I had just finished peeing when I felt something *tickle* the crack of my rear. I screamed and jumped up, and almost *tripped* on my pantyhose. Even though the tickling felt *good*, I didn't expect to feel anything in a toilet!

Well, when I finally got up, I leaned over the toilet and looked in. There was a *face* in the toilet, a face belonging to a *man*!!! I mean *Je-sus*, how the *hell* did he ever get in that crapper??!!

"For g-god's s-s-sake....help me!" he groaned in a bubbly voice.

"What are you *doing* in there??" I asked him. (I still hadn't pulled up my panties, and my *cunt* was probably all he could see of me. I stood there, with my hands on my hips!)

"I'm in trouble with the mob," he explained, with froth all over his lips," and they *forced* me into this toilet. Oh, how I kicked and screamed," he said.

"Are you a crook?" I asked.

"Naw, I'm a saint," he answered.

Well, I was just so flustered I lost my composure. Just as I was about to leave the bathroom, I saw a strange man coming my way. I told this to the man in the toilet and he started to blabber: "QUICK, HIDE ME, PLEASE!!"

I did the only thing I could do. I flushed the toilet. The poor man's eyes got as wide as saucers, but before he could say anything he disappeared with a loud splash! I pulled down my dress and ran out.

Now isn't that a parable for our times?

Sincerely,
Denise Buckley

That certainly is a frightening story. It's just too bad.

Editor

Dear Editor:

I'm a college drop-out, female, and 22. I decided to seek my fortune in the big city, before I left, my mother warned me: "Don't go out with any negroes!"

Well, I hate my mother's guts, so the first thing I did at Port Authority was look for some handsome black dude.

"Hey, babe," someone whispered, "Wanna be one of my pets?"

I turned to face the most immense black man I had ever seen. He was dressed in an orange suit. I didn't have anywhere else to go, so I went with him.

Suddenly, three other men grabbed me. Two were white, and the other was black. They forced me into the trunk of a parked Cadillac, and drove off.

They took me into a dingy room uptown, and made me suck their dicks all day, "until you used to eatin' sperm" Well, do you know what? I got to *love* the taste of sperm!

Now I suck dicks in a brothel, make a lot of money, and spend it all on anything I want. My mother was completely wrong about negroes, after all.

Joanne DeBrazio
New York City

Editor's reply. One should never listen to one's mother. I didn't listen to mine, and look how I turned out. ●

Dorm Queen ?

Did you ever get a blow-job from a strange chick in a movie theater? No, huh? Well, even though you're one of *our* readers, this article will teach you how to get those horny female lips safely ensconsed around your throbbing dick! Read it carefully!

Humping The Nympo Superfoxes!

By Mickey Briscoe

She goes down on you in the fucking movie theater! Right there, she starts gobbling your cock!

■Okay, you're at the movies, watching something nice and respectable like Rocky. The theater is packed; the seats are close together and there's not much leg room. You're engrossed in the film and suddenly you feel your date's hand traveling up your thigh to the cock area. Very nice, you think. Cute gal. Then you feel her fingers zeroing in on your fly and opening it. Your tool is making an obscene bulge in your jockey briefs, a bulge of which you are proud. Your date's inquisitive fingers sense this bulge and invade the briefs. Your dick is in her warm fingers now and is the object of a vigorous massage. Your companion is jerking you off to maximum flagpole. Sylvester Stallone is the farthest thing from your mind (unless yer some kinda homo). Your date's fingers are pumping, up and down, up and down, preparing you for Creamsville. You're in seventh heaven. And the best hasn't even begun!

She goes down on you in the fucking movie theater! Right then and there, damn the Italian Stallion and ten Oscar nominations! You feel your dong on an express to the back of her gullet. And her smooth fingers are still pumping

She swallows you—her mouth goes down to your base! She's lapping up your cum!

your prong at the same time, those wonderful digits with the rich crimson nail polish. You feel the crowds gathering at your cocktip. Pre-cum is the order of the day. She sticks out her tongue daintily and catches each drop as it arrives. You can't stop watching her. You're as entranced as your winkie. Then she swallows you again, whole—all the way down to the base. Her nose is rubbing against your jockeys. She's deep-throating you into oblivion. You can feel her glottis as your pronghead passes it. You're in the esophagus, man! And your balls are telegraphing a message loud and clear: *It's a gusher!*

The rest of the audience, the envious ones sitting near you, are pretending not to see. Go, Sylvester, go, they're thinking. Win that Academy Award. They're engrossed in **Rocky**. Or are they? Maybe they're just pretending because they're eaten up by fucking jealousy. They wish—boy, do they wish—that *their* howitzers were getting the deep throat.

She's milking you for all you're worth. Her lips aré getting ready to receive your sweet juice.

It's coming, it's coming! your mind screams. And so does your wang. It starts squirting the seed, right there in the movie theater, right into the cutie's mouth, while everybody else is engrossed and absorbed by the dazzling, inspiring story of the Italian Stallion.

Your body just settles back into the seat, damn the lack of leg room. Your date lifts her head off your tool, smiles and you hear a dramatic swallow. There's one tiny drop in the corner of her mouth, and she licks it off with her tongue. Then she dries you off with a Handiwipe, replaces your throbber back in your briefs and zips up your fly. Then she sits up straight, looks at the screen and asks, "Did I miss anything important?"

She lifts her head off your tool, smiles and licks some cum off her lips!

Nice fantasy, huh? You *wish* that were you, huh? Well, by reading this article you've taken the first step towards fulfillment. Because I'm going to give you the exclusive Mickey Briscoe Method of Spotting the Nympho Superfoxes at Thirty Paces or Less.

That little episode I just related? It happened to *me*. That's right, during a fucking *movie*. And I didn't accomplish this little escapade by using special creams, lotions or body-building equipment. I didn't get a hair transplant or a

cock extension. My dick is only of moderate length. My clothes are not out of Gentleman's Quarterly. All I was able to do—and believe me, it was plenty—was realize when I saw this girl in the theater lobby that she was eager to chomp on my stick. I read her signals in a flash.

What signals, you say? Well, they come in five categories: body language, conversations, clothing, reading matter, and eye contact. Every nympho-superfox you meet will communicate her lust to you through one or several of these categories.

This filly is wearing sheer silk panties, with her eager gash deliciously ripe and exposed!

For example, take the girl I spoke of above. She employed body language, clothing and eye contact to tell me she wanted my dick. I was waiting in the lobby of the movie theater, looking at the stills from **Rocky**, when I happened to turn around and see this cute blonde gazing at me from the refreshment stand. She was wearing the shortest skirt I had ever seen—purple and hiked up so high on her thighs that I could see where the tops of her stockings met her garters. That's right—stockings and garters. Most girls wear pantyhose these days, but this blonde filly was wearing sheer silk stockings with seams up the backs of her legs. What did this tell me? One thing—that she was definitely a nympho hot for action.

That's how she used clothing as a signal.

Next, body language. This chick wasn't just standing demurely in her micro-miniskirt, stockings and garters. No—she was rubbing the front of her crotch! I became instantly turgid as I realized this girl was so eager for a dick that she couldn't restrain her fingers in a public place! An additional signal was how she would take the hand which had been rubbing the crotch and stick all of the fingers in her mouth, licking them as so many miniature cocks! I almost had her pegged now as my "receptacle for the evening." There was only one more thing to look for—eye contact. This would tell me whether this horny cutie was meant for *me*.

Happily, she was. Besides her miniskirt and telltale gestures, she was looking me full in the eyes with unbelievable boldness. Her gaze was locked onto my face even as she stuck her fingers in her mouth and licked them with her pink pointy tongue.

(Continued on page 56)

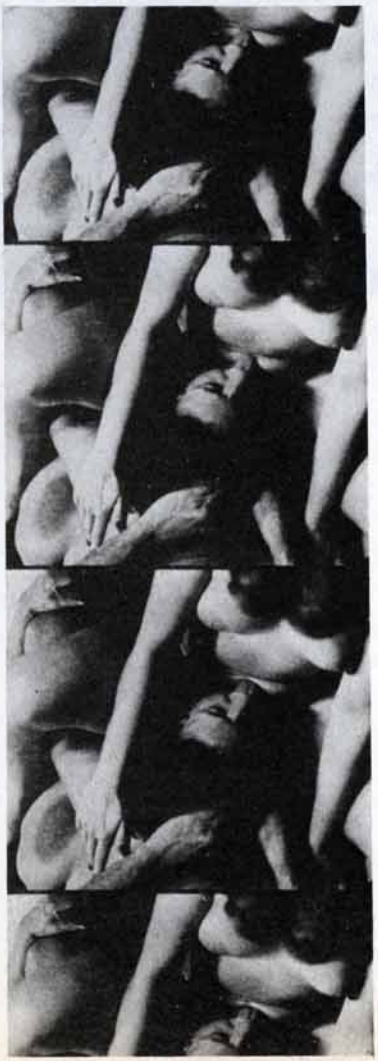
Getting laid all depends on reading the nympho signals correctly. Try *your* luck today!

Review

THE HONEYMOONERS

THESE HORNY DOPPLEGANGERS OF RALPH AND NORTON SUCK AND FUCK THEIR WAY THROUGH BRIGADES OF HOT HOUSEWIVES!

Exclusive for FLICK by Tim Beckley



■Remember when Jackie Gleason used to look at Audrey Meadows, point his fist at her and scream: "One of these days, Alice—*Pow*!—you're going to get it right in the kisser, Alice!"

Back 10 years ago, **The Honeymooners** was the most popular show on the air. It was not unusual for the whole family to cluster around the 11-inch black-and-white screen in their living room and laugh their foolhardy asses off at this weekly situation comedy. Back in those primitive days of TV there was no mention of sex, and cussing was taboo. Of course we all knew what Ralph Cramdon was really thinking, but we tittered silently to ourselves because he was never allowed the freedom to express what was actually going through his mind.

If Linda Lovelace were still taking on all comers, she'd have a hard time out-throating this sexy fellatio artist!

But that was a decade ago and this is 1977, when we all know Mary Hartman is out to get laid and Mary Tyler Moore is the only virgin left in all of TV-land.

These film-makers didn't waste valuable footage on anything but raw porking and banging!

And if you've been faithfully watching the series this past year or so, I'm certain you've noticed that Ms. Moore's boobs appear bigger and firmer than ever before, and she's not opposed to wearing tight sweaters as a come-on to the boys in the newsroom.

However, no matter how far television has come lately in the area of sexual

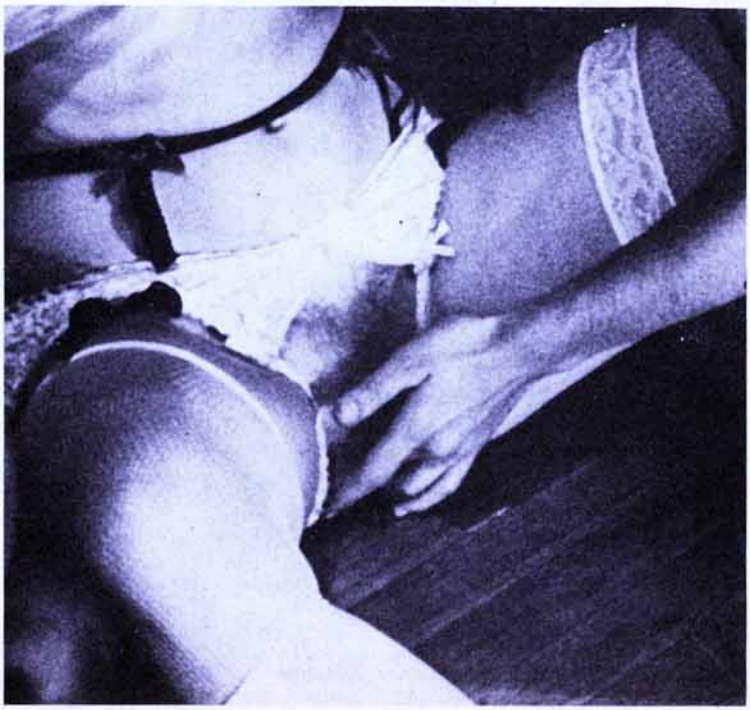
liberation, the X-rated movie version of **The Honeymooners** is wilder by far than anything on the boob tube. It's chock full of fucking, sucking, asshole rimming and all sorts of explicitness that you aren't likely to see at home for years to come.

The Honeymooners, if you haven't already guessed, is a pretty close parody on what is often referred to as **The Jackie Gleason Show** (since Gleason played the main character). Only this time Ralph, your favorite bus driver, has changed occupations as has his neighbor, Norton. Both are still blue collar workers, but in a sense they have moved up in the world; they are elevator operators.

One day Ralph (Jeff Eagle) and Norton (John Dupree) get a service call to fix an inoperative elevator on the East Side of town. The apartment they enter is anything but modern. While they work in the empty shaft, getting the pulleys to go the right way, the boys have fun kidding around. Ralph loves to tell jokes, even if they aren't funny. Norton has heard them over and over again, till his nerves wear thin.

Ralph: Did I ever tell you about the elevator operator who couldn't get it up?

Norton: About 40 times!



Chained, pained and ready for cheap thrills!

'Hand-picking' the merchandise!

As they proceed with their tedious job, a lovely young lady in her early 20s enters the building carrying a bag full of groceries. To set the mood, a box of tampons is sticking out of the top of the brown sack in her arms. Since she lives on one of the upper floors and is too much of a princess to carry her own groceries, she asks one of the workers to help her. Norton is all too ready to offer his assistance and together they trot up the stairs.

Once inside her nicely furnished apartment, the girl identifies herself as Josephine (in reality C.J. Lang) and invites Norton to hang around for a beer. It's obvious Miss Josephine wants to get better acquainted, and she's not interested in finding out how an elevator operates. Her lines aren't too humorous, either, but they *are* direct and to the point. "The elevator may not go up," she informs her guest, "but I know what will!"

They snuggle on the couch and before you have time to swallow a mouthful of popcorn, Josephine has Norton's fly down and is fishing around inside his boxer shorts. Pretty soon she finds what she's looking for and is pleased with her discovery. "I don't know what it is about blue collar workers, but they turn me on. They're so strong, so virile," Josephine lets it be known.

Soon enough, Norton gets a working-class hard-on, which Josephine can't wait to suck in the fashion that has made C.J. Lang one of the most prolific cocksuckers in show business. There's no doubt that this kid is among the best performers of fellatio around. If Linda Lovelace were still taking on all comers, she would have a hard time competing with this deep-throat artist. I've seen C.J. take a 14-inch dick in her mouth, a good-sized peter in her pussy and a dork up her ass that would kill most women—without even breathing heavy. To date she's made over 50 films and has really become a master at her craft. You

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Rubbing those clitoral tensions away!

Don't miss this scene!

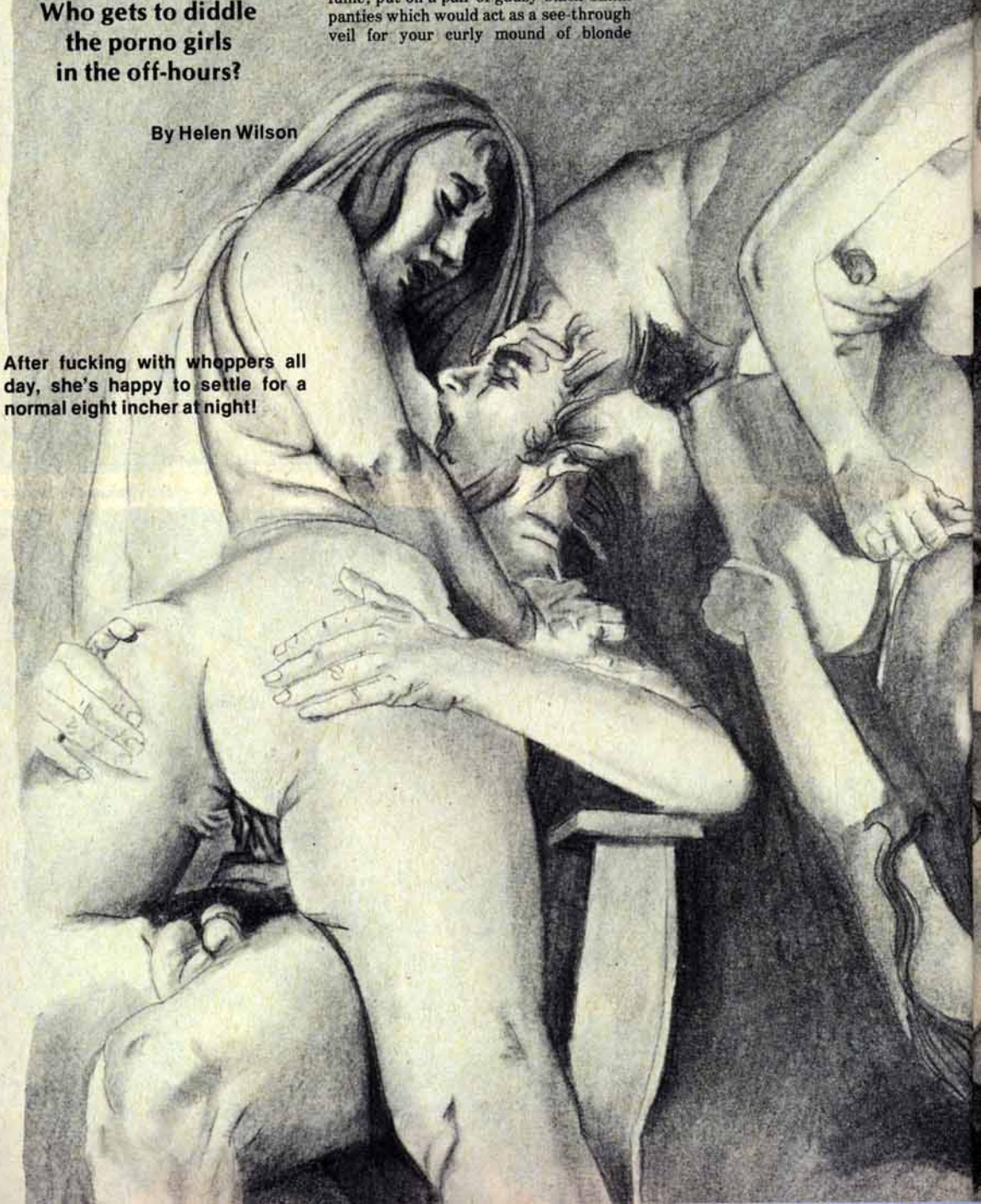
Screwing A Starlet

Who gets to diddle the porno girls in the off-hours?

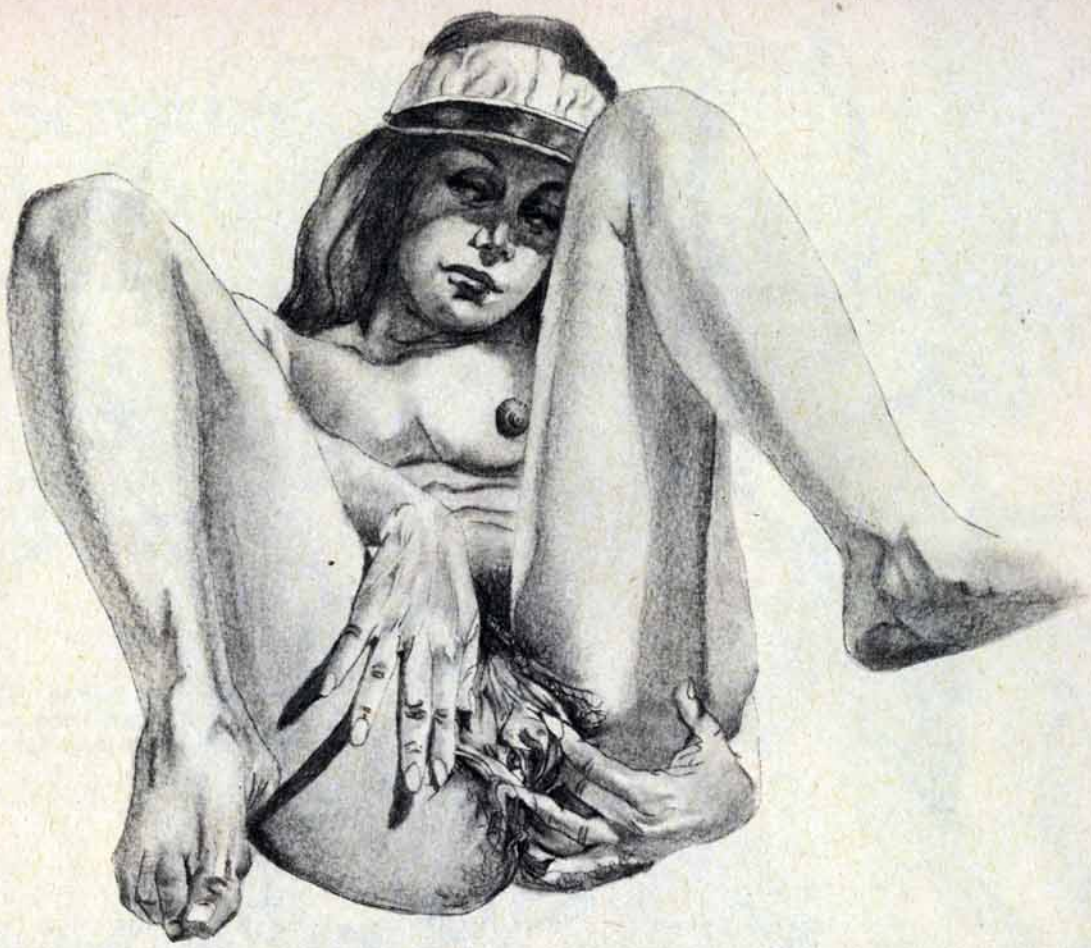
By Helen Wilson

■If you had spent a solid eight hours having some six foot two stud sticking his eleven inch prong into your cunt, up your ass and down your throat and somebody had placed a crisp $500 bill into your sweaty little palm for your effort, how would you celebrate?

If you were like me, you'd take off for home, take a steaming hot shower, douse yourself with your sexiest perfume, put on a pair of gauzy black bikini panties which would act as a see-through veil for your curly mound of blonde pussy hair, don your tightest stretch pants and most wicked looking knee-high boots and take off for the nearest swinging singles spa and meet a perfectly nice ordinary guy with a perfectly nice ordinary eight inch prick. And once you'd selected him, you'd go in for a wildly lovely session of plain and fancy screwing.



After fucking with whoppers all day, she's happy to settle for a normal eight incher at night!



You'd do all the things—and a few more—that you'd been doing all day on camera, but it would be something else because, like me, you'd realize that doing what comes naturally must be done under natural conditions. You want to suck when you want to suck, screw when you want to screw and most of all come when you want to come.

That's what's wrong with being a porn queen. The last thing anybody around you is concerned about is what you want. When you're on the set everybody's worrying about his own thing and nobody's worrying over you.

The most simple things become so damned complicated.

Like taking off your panties. A girl should know how to get out of her pants without somebody telling her. That's not the way it is at all.

"Not so fast, Helen. Roll them down slowly. Stop when you've got them on a line with your cunt. Now spread your legs. Finger yourself. Wider, damn it. Turn more to the left, I'm not getting

"I have to search to find his cock, but once I get it I jam it in me!"

enough snatch. That's better. Okay, now wriggle your ass as you work the pants down to your knees. Keep wriggling. Kick the pants off. Got it? Let's run through it again."

Like giving a blow job. It can be a royal pain in the ass having somebody calling the signals when you're sucking a guy off. And that's exactly what happens on the set.

"Helen, baby, look at the camera. Now, give me that chicken shit grin of yours, the one that says, 'Bananas should never be kept in the refrigerator.' Tongue Rex, Helen. From the balls up. Wait a minute, hold it. The spot's wrong. I'm getting too much shadow. Get up, Helen, I'm going to have to clamp a photoflood reflector to the top of the bed."

Try concentrating on sucking when the cameraman is adjusting his lighting. It can get on your nerves. Anyway, it's back to work we go.

"Jesus, Doll, what the hell are you trying to do?" This time it's Rex. The dude's as uptight as a kettle drum because he's got the idea he's going to come any second. He's not the least bit gentle when he grabs me by the neck and pulls my head away. "If I shoot my load now, it'll take me an hour to get my prick up again. Can't you just simulate, honey? You know, up and down, up and down. But don't touch."

"Tongue him! From the balls up! And don't stop smiling!"

"Simulate!" Gus yells. Gus is the money man and he's more uptight than Rex about Rex losing it. He's got a whole crew's payroll to meet and any lost time can put a strain on the ledger sheets. (Something I learned when I was working as a bookkeeper before I got involved in the erotic flick bit.)

Time to screw. This should be easy, right? Wrong. This is where it all begins to fall apart. The trouble with Rex is he's a snotty, egotistical, self-centered bastard. All he has is a mile-long cock and a peanut brain to go with it. I knew there'd be trouble as soon as I found out he'd been hired to do the film.

Rex always wants everything to be his way. That is with him on top and me just a pair of heels waving in the breeze. That way the camera's full on him, showing up his prick, his balls, his face, dimples, mustache, dreamy eyes and all. Great for Rex. lousy for the film.

Let's face it, only the gays in an erotic house audience come to see how the male star measures up. And with all the gay specialty theaters around, there aren't that many gays in a straight house.

Anybody who knows beans about this industry will tell you the girl star is the top attraction. Look at Linda Lovelace and Georgina Spelvin. They're real celebrities.

Okay, so if I'm the top drawer, I should have top position. Rex should be underneath with me riding him like a rodeo gal on a bucking stallion. In that way the guys who pay the five bucks to see the screen action can get their fill of me. They want to see my tits jingling up and down and from side to side. They want to see my ass rising and falling and making tight little circles. They want to see me grabbing and clawing and kicking and making as if I'm ready to go out of my skull.

I'm their fantasy and mentally fucking me is what keeps the little old turnstile clicking merrily away.

If Rex had a half a brain in his head, he'd see it my way. Instead he gets downright nasty and abusive. He doesn't even stick to issues—he gets into personalities. He calls me: "Stupid cunt!" "Fucking shithead!" "Mother fucking bull dyke!"

It could go on like that for hours if Gus didn't finally step in and say, "We'll do it Helen's way." That shuts Rex up since ego or no ego he'd rather eat than fuck. My only question is why did Gus let it go on that long? Cripes, he could have put an end to all the screaming with a wave of his hand.

My cunt is slick with K-Y jelly, and I'm ready for more cock!

So I've won. Now I have to climb aboard. Rex is still sulking. He won't help me at all. I have to search under me to find his cock and jam it into me. He's soft as a deflated tire. I have to start jerking him off to keep him inside me. Damn it, I have to do everything. I even have to act like I like screwing him.

Only another chick would understand how turned off a woman can be fucking a guy she detests. And any guy who calls me a "mother fucking bull dyke" I detest. But this is show biz and you know the old saying about smiling when you're feeling low.

Fucking. That's the only thing that gets me off. Fucking.

I smile and fuck away. I'm jumping up and down and throwing my head around and ripping into Rex's nipples with my fingernails. Secretly I hope I'll give the son of a bitch blood poisoning.

Gus yells at me, "Make noise! Groan! Moan! Scream!" He points to the mike placed over the bed. The little red light winks on. I've got enough to do right now without worrying about vocals. But vocals they want and vocals they get. There are so many things to think about that I scarcely feel Rex's rod inside me. I can remember times when I've gotten more fun out of a cucumber.

Even when we go into the varieties it's no big turn on. I like ass fucking as well as any girl. But when three guys are looking up your bumhole just to see

(Continued on page 58)

CAPTAIN

BEAU BUCHANAN SURPASSED HIMSELF IN THIS MAGNIFICENT PORN EPIC! DON'T MISS WADE NICHOLS IN A LEADING ROLE.

Photos by Irvin Cooke

LUST

Here's the story of how a bunch of creative people got together to film one of the wildest porn flicks to cum down the pike in a fortnight! Captain Lust will feature some of the steamiest, saltiest sex yet to be seen on the silver screen!

This article was going to be a real behind the scenes interview with steamy stories about the filming of a porn flick, but due to unforseen circumstances, I'll have to give you a slightly abridged version.

One freezing day I took my assistant and went to Beau Buchanan's apartment.

The place with frantic activity, seemingly centered around the editing of the film.

I was right off impressed by his greenhouse, and I was ushered into his office to talk about the film.

"Tell me about the film. Tell me a dirty story." I said.

Beau launched into a tale of copulation on the deck of his rented frigate, and told how a shipload of gaping tourists went crazy as they passed Beau's carnal boatload. "You should have seen it."

Another tale was about the certain actress who wouldn't be satisfied until she made every member of the cast and crew!

However, due to those unforseen circumstances with which we are familiar, you only get the abridged version of the interview. I'll add that Wade Nichols was marvelous in the flick, and that you shouldn't miss this GREAT movie if you are in the league of porn fandom.

From the people who brought you HAPPY DAYS comes History's first "X" rated swashbuckler:

CAPTAIN LUST

Filmed on location aboard the beautiful old brigantine BLACK SWAN and some of the other tall ships, *CAPTAIN LUST* is a movie that brings more erotic excitement and humor to the silver screen than ever before.

THE STORY

Jack (Wade Nichols) is the rightful heir to the lands and fortune of his father, the late Count of Monte Crisco, including the treasure which was buried for safe-keeping on an uncharted island off the coast of the New World.

At the time of the Count's untimely (and very suspicious) death, the map could not be found. Jack was away at sea and lost overboard in a storm on the English Channel.

Unopposed, the villainous Captain Lust (Jake Teague) along with the beautiful and treacherous Cuntessa (Veri Knotty) assumes control of the lands, castle and ramshackle, scurrilous navy.

Unknown to all but Jack's sister Anne (Sharon Mitchell), Jack was not drowned and has just received a commission on Captain Lust's ship under an assumed name and secret identity in order to get proof of Lust's complicity in his father's death.

As the film unfolds, Jack is ashore celebrating his new position at an establishment known as The French Feather.

Meanwhile, Captain Lust has discovered that the treasure map had been entrusted to an old monk, and has brought him and his idiot brother to the (Black Swan) to torture them for the information. The good monk refuses to reveal the whereabouts of the treasure map, though his skin is slowly peeled from his flesh and his stomach is cut open. But when his idiot brother is hung from the yardarm, the map is discovered tattooed in Latin on the deaf mute's hitherto unused and now erect member. Captain Lust prepares to set sail on the morning tide with the living treasure map.

Anne finds her brother Jack, celebrating his new position with a wench, at a local tavern. Forced to act quickly, they decide to seek the aid of a band of pirates

led by the notorious Captain Surecock (Jaime Gillis), whose reputation as a swordsman is aptly demonstrated in a joust between the sheets with his lady first mate Esmeralda (Nancy Dare), aboard the Jolly Roger. Captain Surecock had once been a local officer to the late Count of Monte Crisco, but became a pirate and is now plundering the Cuntessa's trading fleet, much to Anne's chagrin.

Having agreed not to reveal Jack's true identity, even to Surecock, Anne and Jack arrive aboard the JOLLY ROGER as the pirates are singing and drinking in the great cabin of the pirate ship. Surecock and his band are dangerously unfriendly until Anne tells her plight and promises amnesty to the pirates and restoration of Surecock's commission if he will help them. They all agree and Esmeralda comes up with a plan for her and the women to stow aboard the BLACK SWAN and drop sailors overboard, one by one, leaving a trail for the JOLLY ROGER to follow.

When it came to sex, the pirates of yore had it all over us repressed landlubbers. Captain Lust features the sauciest wenches involved in hot action amidst a backdrop of grog-spread sails, slippery poopdecks and all that good stuff!

Meanwhile, aboard the Cuntessa's flag ship, Captain Lust is securing the Cuntessa's fidelity during his absence by first satisfying her sexually and finally (in a cinematic fete that will have audiences agape with amazement) her nether lips are tied into a knot and bound by a golden locket to which Lust has the only key.

The pirate women are happily greeted by the crew of the BLACK SWAN and they all rush to the men's quarters for some double decker delights, below decks. So no one sees Anne sneak aboard. The crew agrees to let the women remain if they stay out of sight, as Captain Lust arrives aboard with a large, lively duffle bag and calls out the command to weigh anchor. The watch jumps to yards and unfurls the sheets in the morning sun as the BLACK SWAN sets her course for the Treasure Island.

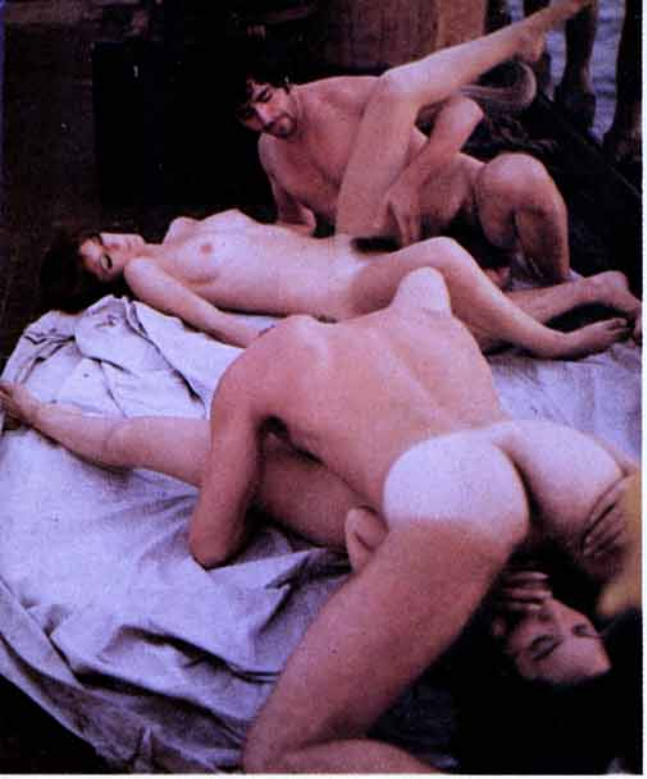
That night, one of the women comes topside to keep the bow watch up with her version of "Blow The Man Down." When he leans over the rail for a bucket of water to rinse her face, she operates on his hemorrhoids with a carving knife. The next night, the helmsman is visited by a curious beauty who shows some interest in taking her turn at the wheel. He tells her to watch the compass as he follows his nose, and thus her problem is licked until one of her girlfriends arrives as the crucial moment to break a bottle over his head and dump him in the sea.

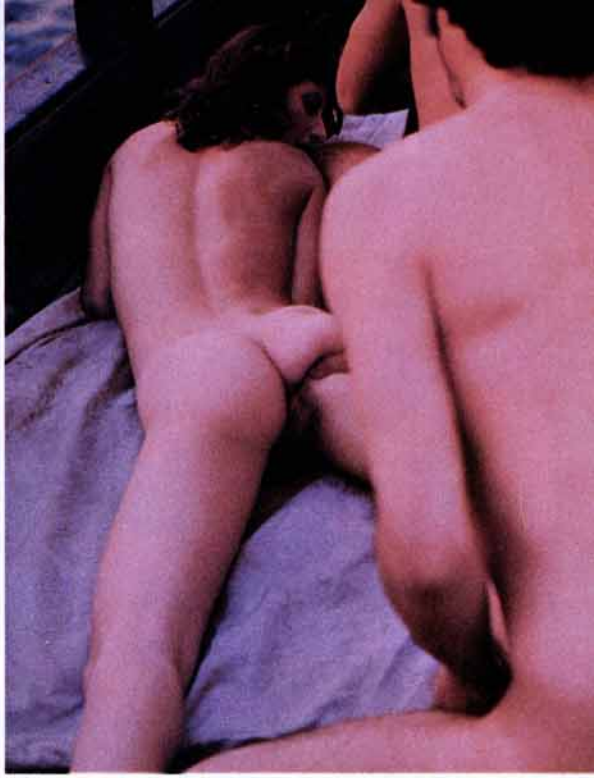
In the morning, Captain Lust's sadistic henchman, Rip (Beau Buchanan), is searching for the missing helmsman and discovers Anne. He figures to have a little fun with her. She slaps his face and retorts that she is "not like the other women on the ship." The cat is out of the bag and the women are rounded up and thrown into the hold.

One of the leading stars in this porno epic is WADE NICHOLS, who logs a disgustingly fine performance as Jack, who is the son of the late Count of Monte Crisco. He takes to sea to go a-wenching.

It's time to read the map, so Lust has the idiot brought to the poop deck where the mysterious duffle bag is opened and out steps a nun (after all, who else could read a map in Latin?) Jack is sent below when he shows no inclination to get into the habit himself. Of course, the nun refuses to comply with Lust's demands. She is lashed to the hatch and beaten until she agrees to swallow her pride, and (under protest) translate the stiff problem.

Now Lust, with the treasure practically in his grasp, has Anne brought to his cabin where he lasciviously reveals that he has been planning her defloration since she showed the first signs of womanhood. Jack comes in to make his report. Anne rushes to him and whispers a warning in his ear not to reveal himself, as he is their only hope for survival. Lust finds their awkward familiarity exciting and presses Jack to perform with Anne for his entertainment. Jack would throw caution to the winds and cross swords with Lust, but Anne points out the futility of it all as Lust would just call in his men and, with Jack gone, have his way with her. At least Jack can be gentle. So, with Lust





All in all Flick heartily recommends this wonder porno movie. It not only comes across with some superb, realistic sex, but it manages to convey the feel of the real old-time swashbucklers! Go see it!

looking on, Anne and Jack are forced into incest. Lust is outraged when Jack pulls out (to save Anne from having a "daft" child) and orders Anne thrown back into the hold.

The pirate women taunt poor Anne until Esmeralda comes to her rescue. Anne is in despair because she is sure no one will want her now that she is no better than a common whore, especially since she enjoyed it. Esmeralda comforts her, assuring her that it's natural to enjoy it and that she is more desirable than ever as they relax into each other's arms and explore a whole new world of sensuality.

Land is sighted and Lust goes ashore with Jack, Rip, the nun and the deaf-mute map. As the longboat runs aground on the island beach, the landing party is met by a native woman begging them to save her virgin daughter who is being sacrificed to the sea god of fertility. Lust can't be bothered and leaves Jack to guard the boat while he and Rip head off across the sand dunes with the nun and the idiot to find the treasure. Jack is unable to free the young Poon (Ming Toy) as she is bound to a tree with the rising tide lapping at her feet. His quick wit strikes upon a solution: Since the sacrifice must be a virgin, he sends Mama Tushy (Margarita Promponas), off to get the witch doctor, guaranteeing that by the time she returns, Poon will have lost her maidenhead. We are witness to the manner in which Jack is as good as his word. The dumb monk finds the treasure and his voice at the same time and remains on the island with Sister Inferior. Lust and Rip drag the treasure back to the beach and return to the Black Swan with Jack, Poon and Mama Tushy.

(Continued on page 52)

GROSSED IN SPACE

How will the future astronauts manage to connect in zero-g space?

■Lana gazed out the window, out 40,000 miles of endless space to the nearest pinpoint star. She felt the hum of the engines and it soothed her. She felt a gloved hand gently patting her thigh.

"Want a drink?" asked Adam.

"I could use some orange juice."

"Sure. But we'll have to settle for this powdered crap."

Colonel Adam Sawyer reached into one of the gleaming silver compartments and pulled out two clear plastic packets. Orange dust lay like sediment at the bottom of each. He held the packets clumsily in his gloved hands while Lana unhooked the water tube and began to carefully fill up the packets.

"Pierce Mission 12. Over," the radio crackled.

"Pierce Mission 12. A.O.K.," Sawyer answered. He sighed as he turned off the microphone. "I'll be saying 'Everything

"DO IT! FUCK ME! NOW!"

A.O.K.' a million times before we're through."

"Let's hope so," Lana replied. She shifted in her chair. The hours passed slowly. She felt humid in the heavy space suit. Her cunt was itchy. She twitched in her seat and eyed Adam playfully.

"Why don't we relax?" she whispered. Adam turned and sized her up. This would be a first—the first astronauts to fuck in outer space. His cock got so hard so fast it actually clanked when it sprung up against his metal space pants.

"Take your pants down, Lana. Your moon's a lot prettier than the one I'll be checking out in about five hours."

Lana struggled to get the bottom of the suit off. Adam helped to unbuckle a few of the protective insulator straps and she slid the bottom of the heavy suit off. He gazed into Lana's khaki covered crotch. It was standard NASA issue—green cotton underpants. Dr. Lana Kekitch was the first woman to go up in space. Adam took off his gloves and rubbed his fingers in Lana's crotch, right

She was orgasming wildly from the control knob stuck up her hot cunt!

across the hot wet spot that seeped from her hot juices.

"Uh, mind if I take a piss, first?" Lana asked. Adam leaned back as the girl picked up a plastic bag from a rack and spread her legs, squatting in the uncomfortably cramped quarters, holding the bag open up against her crotch.

"Oh really, Adam, haven't you any decency?" she sighed. She knew full well he was going to stare at her all the while.

"You knew the job was dangerous when you took it."

"This is very personal," she pouted, involuntarily beginning her relief. She finished up quickly and tied off the bag. "Knew the job was dangerous when I took it!" she muttered. "Adam, they just don't tell you anything! They don't tell you about going to the bathroom in space. They don't even tell you what you're supposed to be doing up here."

"Let's do an experiment."

"Which one?"

"The one in which you discover whether weightlessness is an asset in cocksucking and fucking!"

Adam and Lana took off their leg and waist straps and began to float in the capsule. Lana began to spin, her mouth open, her legs spread. Like an obscene balloon, she turned in a circle as Adam poked his fingers in her cunt, then her mouth, then her cunt. Lana was getting so turned on sucking her cunt juice from his fingers she couldn't stand it any longer. She whirled into the controls and impaled herself on one of the levers. As Adam sailed over to her, she jiggled happily up and down on a thick lever. She dribbled her ass up against that thick lever faster and faster as she opened her eyes to feel Adam's cock sail

His hard cock was jammed up her wildly wriggling ass!

past her tongue and halfway down her throat.

"Ohhhh, stick that cock in me!" Lana cried.

"Ohhhh, sgg fl mggook!" she cried as Adam stuck his cock in her mouth again and began pumping urgently.

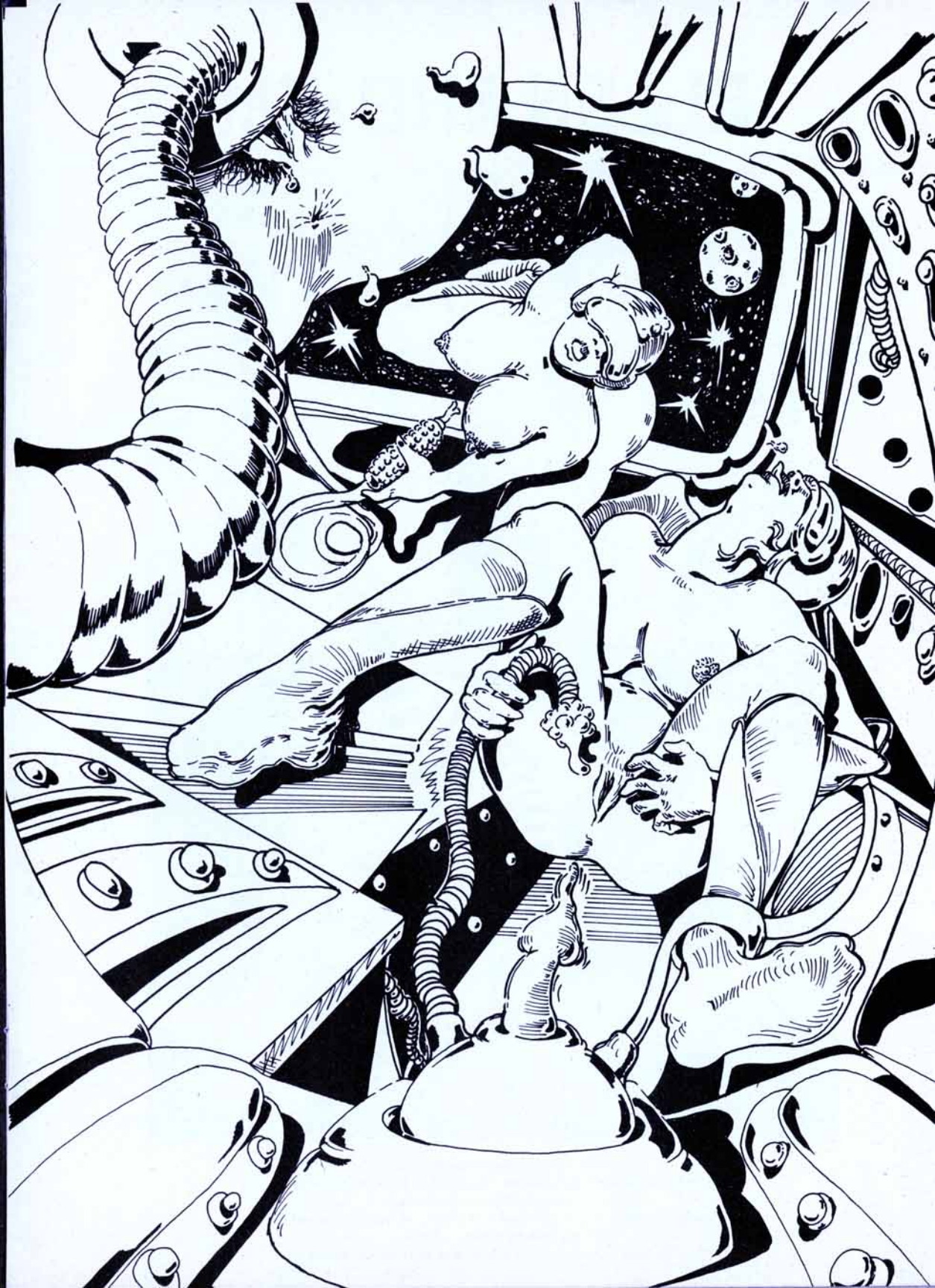
"Suck that cock, Lana, suck that cock!" he cried as he shoved his shlong in her face, keeping her impaled against the lever.

"Pierce mission 12. Over," the radio crackled.

"P-Piercing, A.O.K.!" Adam called out as he clicked the receiver on.

Lana sucked and sucked and finally she felt the constrictions of the cock in her mouth and with a sudden gush she felt herself flooding with hot salty sperm. She choked and opened her mouth, and the minute she did so puffy gobs of semen began to sail out from her mouth and float in sticky wiggling strands all

(Continued on page 61)



ELLEN AND JIM

Ellen makes no bones about her man:
"I've had hundreds of guys and not one of them is fit to tie Jim's shoes!
My sex aches for him, night and day,
A touch of his hand is enough to make me come . . . I worship his cock!
My body belongs to him . . . totally,
I am at his beck and command, I exist to give him pleasure and love!

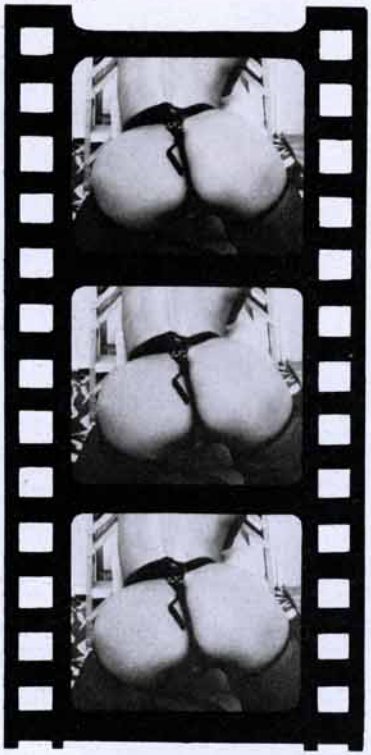
**"Ellen is a dynamite woman,
five minutes after we met she was sucking my cock
and she hasn't stopped since!
I don't need other women—Ellen keeps me satisfied and happy . . .
I get hard just thinking about her!**

"Our orgasms are frightening . . .
you can hear Ellen scream for miles and miles
she just loses control and takes off
I feel I'm riding a blonde dynamo who can't get enough
I guess I'm a lucky guy to have her.

One day the cops came to our door
somebody complained that I was hurting Ellen.
They took one look at her face
and suggested that I use a pillow!
The trouble is—where do I put it?

THE LATEST IN 8MM RAUNCH

By Ronald L. Smith



ASS FUCKING MOTHER TRUCKING

■Ass fucking and mother trucking—that's part of the program this time out as we explore the world of 8mm porn-hot flicks available in your own living room.

Butt Plugger is the title of #8 from the HH Film Company. It opens nicely enough. A girl is on a high ladder trying to hang up a painting. Her boyfriend comes over and looks up her dress. As she reaches up her fanny comes into

AS HER ASS COMES INTO VIEW, HE WIPES IT WITH HIS FINGER, SCRATCHES AND SNIFFS!

view and he sniffs it out, fondling her fleshy cheeks, wiping a finger along her crack as the camera gets so close you can see the textured imprint left by her tight panties.

The girl finally forgets about hanging the picture, squats on the ladder and lets her man suck on her cuntflaps instead. She grins with delight. He carries her off and lays her on her back for a lay. He sucks her nipples stiff, gives her muff a munch, and she's only too eager to reciprocate. He pulls his pants down and the chick is right there to take his cock in her mouth, sticking it all in and sucking away. She lies back with her feet up around his neck and they fuck their brains out, changing positions every once in a while. He pounds her dog-style and as she looks over her shoulder to give him a toothy smile, he digs up her dirt hole. The camera can't keep up with the action until finally there's a slow motion come shot all over her fat ass.

He carries her off and spreads her hams for a little session of in and out!

Another solid fuck and suck flick features Teri Hall in one of the new releases from Esquire II, **Other Love**. The films in the new French Teaser series are also well worth a look. In **Strip for Action** a very pretty blonde gets herself fucked by two men at the same time—one guy stuffing her cunt and the other jamming into her ass. The fucking sandwich ends with two seedy sperm splurges across her face. Others in the variety-filled series include **Caught in the Act,** in which a girl is caught stealing and given a spanking and a rough mouth fuck, and **The Avengers**, which shows a

girl forced to suck one cock while sitting on another as her boyfriend looks on helplessly.

Cat Got Your Tongue is from Mother Trucker Films. It opens with a black man in bondage—leather manacles bind his wrists and feet as he sits naked before four female tormentors. They're all dressed in fetish oriented combinations of leather and lace, and they all

He really digs that shitty chute!

crouch like cats, licking and sucking up and down on their black stud toy, leashing his balls as they service his cock. A rubber ball gag is stuffed in his mouth and the guy can do very little but stand around and wonder what the chicks will do next.

The three white chicks and one black comfort him to make him come. They lean over his lap and suck, their boobs hanging and jiggling as they go. The brunette in the hot pink panties is out to show him that this exercise in bondage isn't merely for his pleasure. She breaks

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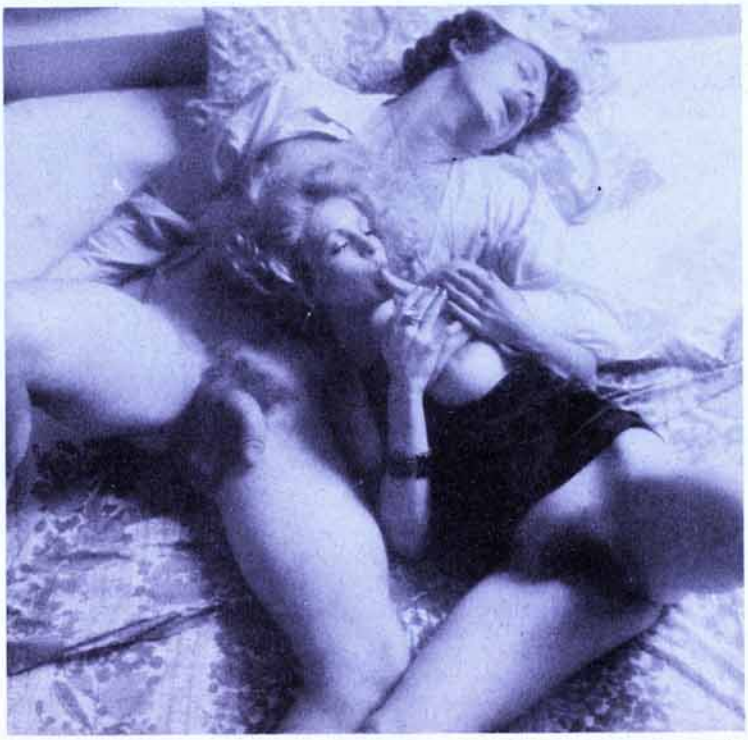


THE MAKING OF A FUCK FLICK!

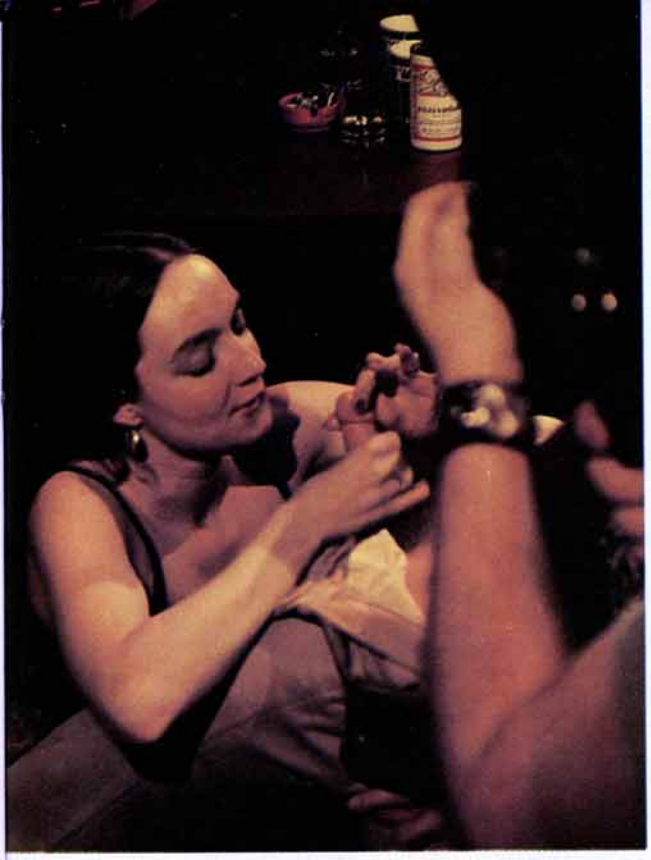
Did you ever wonder what went on during the filming of a porno movie? FLICK takes you on a guided tour of the action, with Al Hazrad, the mad writer and pornographer extraordinaire!

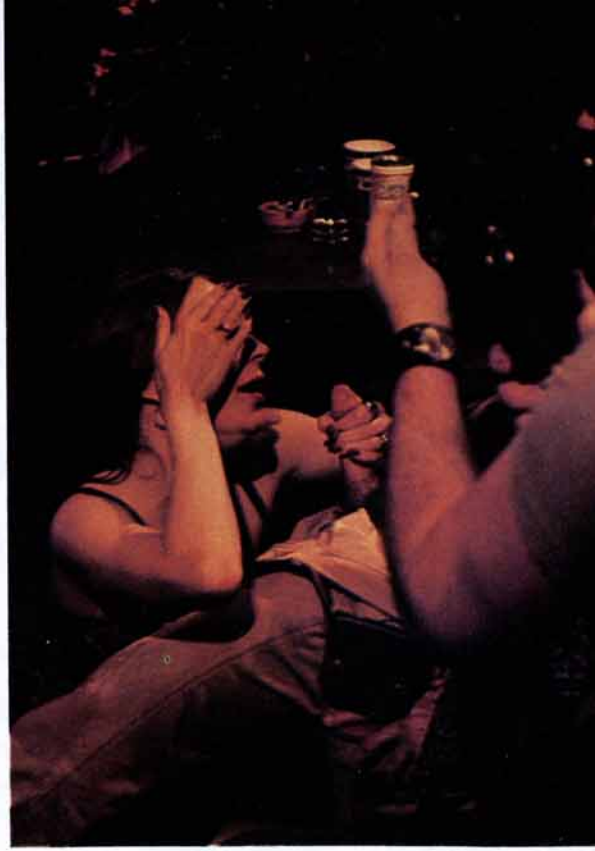
By Al Hazrad

■Well folks, I've finally done it—I've finally written a good porn script. But I have even better news. Carter Stevens has taken that good script and made it into a *great* movie. **Punk Rock** is a quintessential New York movie, dripping with sinister New York sex, crime, violence and rock 'n roll! **Punk Rock** isn't just an excellent porn flick. It's also an excellent movie.

This film is dripping with all the goodies: violence, sex, crime and rock 'n roll!!

No doubt some of you cynics out there are muttering, "Yeah sure, what else can you expect a writer to say about his own flick?" Normally I'd be forced to agree with you, but you see, I have this terrible affliction: public honesty. I could never be a politician. For example, writing in a certain famous sex tabloid





about my *first* picture for Carter Stevens, a little trifle called **Teenage Twins**, I was forced to admit: "Actually screening a movie which one has written is like discovering that the toilet won't flush *after* one has taken a good, healthy shit. Five minutes into this ripe little cheese of a porn flick, I was whimpering like a whipped dog and getting dirty looks from the raincoat brigade with which I shared the theatre. 'Oh my lord,' thinks I, 'somehow they sense that I wrote this thing!' "

Not exactly the words of someone given to tooting his own horn, right? So you can believe me when I say, this time we've made a good flick. When Carter Stevens called and asked me to script his newest movie, frankly I was surprised. Could it be that he hadn't been badly

(Continued on page 63)

PERVERTS FROM THE PAST

A DISGUSTING COLLECTION OF FOUL MISDEEDS FROM THE FAMOUS MacINTYRE ARCHIVES!

By Frigwell MacIntyre III, Esq.

MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSECOCK!

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1729-1796), the Empress of Russia, liked getting fucked by big cocks. The older she got the bigger the cocks had to be to satisfy her, until finally no man in the world had enough equipment to satisfy her. So Catherine had her servants rig up a huge leather strap through which she hung a powerful stallion, and whenever she felt the urge she would lie on a table under the horse and let him go to work on her. Apparently the horse must have gotten off on it just as much as she did, because during one session he kicked around so much that the strap broke and the table collapsed both at the same time and Catherine couldn't get out of the way what with that big wad of meat crammed into her snatch. What a way to go!

The royal physician announced that her death was due to "a riding accident." Personally, we'd say she died from too much horsing around.

ADVENTURES IN TURKEY-SHIT PARADISE!

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS (1840-1912), a wealthy French nobleman, went in for some pretty strange fetishes. For example, he was very fond of eating the shit of buxom young wenches. He invited a poor but good-looking peasant girl named Desiree Bonacieux to live in luxury for the rest of her life on his estate, receiving all the clothes and jewelry she wanted free of charge and a yearly salary of 5,000 francs as well. The only catch was she was not allowed to eat anything other than turkey livers, and she was to relieve herself directly into the Duke's mouth. Apparently the Duke had been experimenting with different kinds of shit from girls with different diets, and he seemed to find the shit of girls who ate nothing but turkey livers to be the best shit around. Shit may be all right for the Duke, but personally we'd rather eat honey-hole pie.

DECOCKATATION!

EDWARD NEVILLE, a prominent English sociologist and authority on bizarre sexual practices, reports the case of a man in Lancahasire who got horny at a time when his wife wasn't around to give him what he wanted. Too cheap to pay for a hooker, the man found an old iron ring that was about the right size and decided to get his rocks off with that. Unfortunately the ring got stuck and he was rushed to the nearest hospital, where surgeons cut his cock off.

A WILD TRIP THROUGH A HORNY WORLD OF KINKY FANTASY!

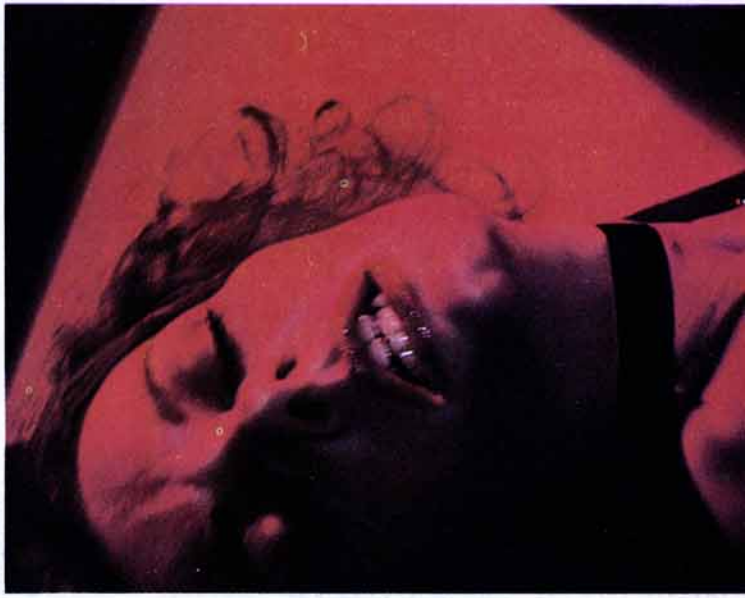
Odyssey is exotic, full of all kinds of bizarre sex, and a visual treat! Film buffs will love it!

ODYSSEY

By Ron Smith

■ Is there no end to the imagination of that hairdresser turned whore-director, Gerald Damiano? He's done it again with another cockpleasing pornfest designed to raise dicks and delight devotees of searing cinematic sex. First he brought carnal comedy to jaded audiences via the antics of Harry Reems and the bald-pubed balling and super sucking of Linda Lovelace. Then he showed that he could combine an intelligent story line with hardcore humping in the "Devil in Miss Jones." And now following forays into animated fuck films and "Fantasy," Damiano presents "Odyssey," which he calls the ultimate trip.

In his attempt to be called the Kubrick of cocks and cunts, Damiano has no equal. "Odyssey" is a fleshy feast balanced by another good story. "It's a psychological study of the first awareness of sex, and the taboos implanted in our minds that will later emerge as



The action jumps from scene to scene in this lust-filled montage of sexual secrets!

feelings of guilt and sexual frustration," Damiano says to serious students of film. But for those who would like to bypass all the theorizing, Damiano doesn't pause in his portrayal of pricks and pussies, offering random raunchiness at every turn, cramming cunt in front of his camera till his lens starts leaking juice.

In the series of short sex scenes, Damiano offers a wide variety of wide open action. There is the beautiful model Nicole, who finds that she is unable to face the reality of human contact and imprisons herself behind a wall of her own despair. Pictorial translation: she's a bondage freak, and as the camera zooms in in full crisp clear color she dons the leather gear of her fantasies and goes on a non-stop wet dream

(Continued on page 60)

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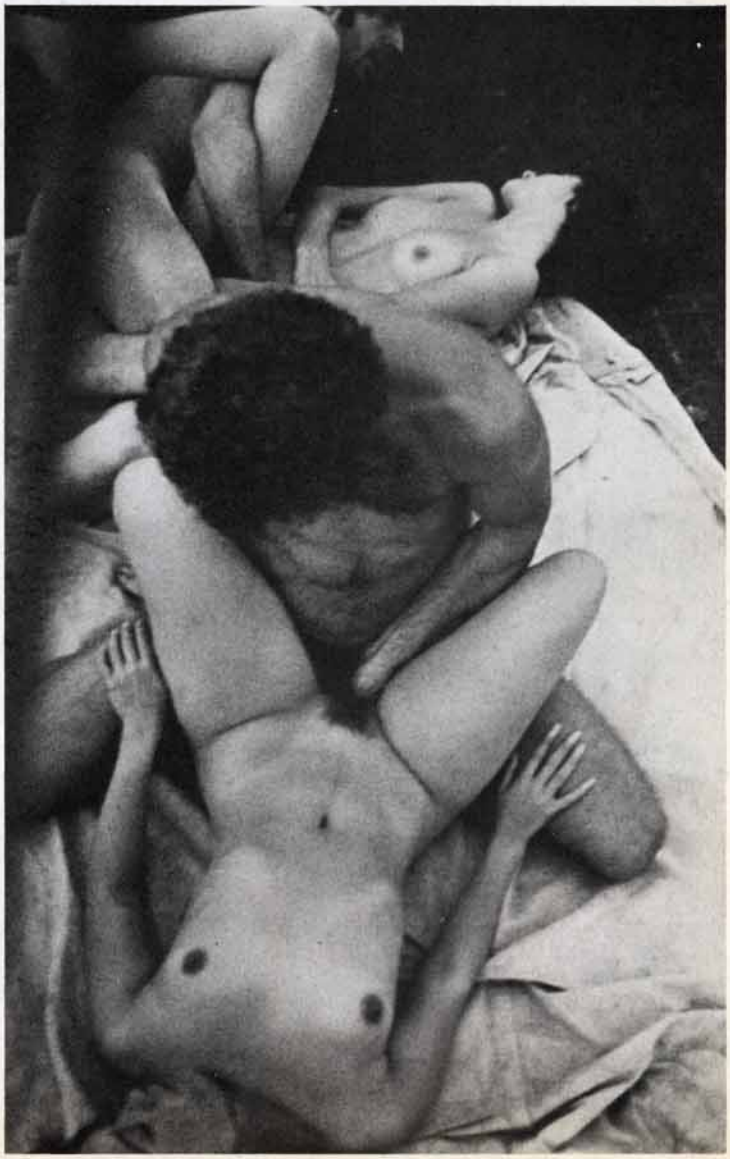
CAPTAIN LUST

(Continued from page 29)

Jack takes Poon to his cabin before finding Anne to plan their escape. Left alone, Poon wanders into Lust's cabin. Lust thinks she has come to offer her charms which he is all too willing to plunder. Poon becomes aware of his intentions and puts up a fight—all the more to Lust's liking, as he chases her under and onto the bed, ravishing her until Jack bursts in with a challenge and the news that Captain Surecock and the crew of the JOLLY ROGER have come along side and are now boarding the BLACK SWAN. Lust, in a dastardly foul deed, gives Jack a blow to the groin and rushes out to the battle. When Jack catches his breath, he releases the women to join in the bloody foray of cutlass, cannon, fire and smoke, just as Lust is about to run Surecock through. Esmeralda comes to Surecock's aid, but Rip drops her with a ball to the middle of her forehead before Surecock can throw his knife and catch Rip with his mouth open. Jacks steps in and orders Lust to have his men throw down their weapons. When Jack is revealed as the new Count of Monte Crisco, the crews of both ships bow in homage, and Lust, rather than face the Cuntessa, jumps to the sharks.

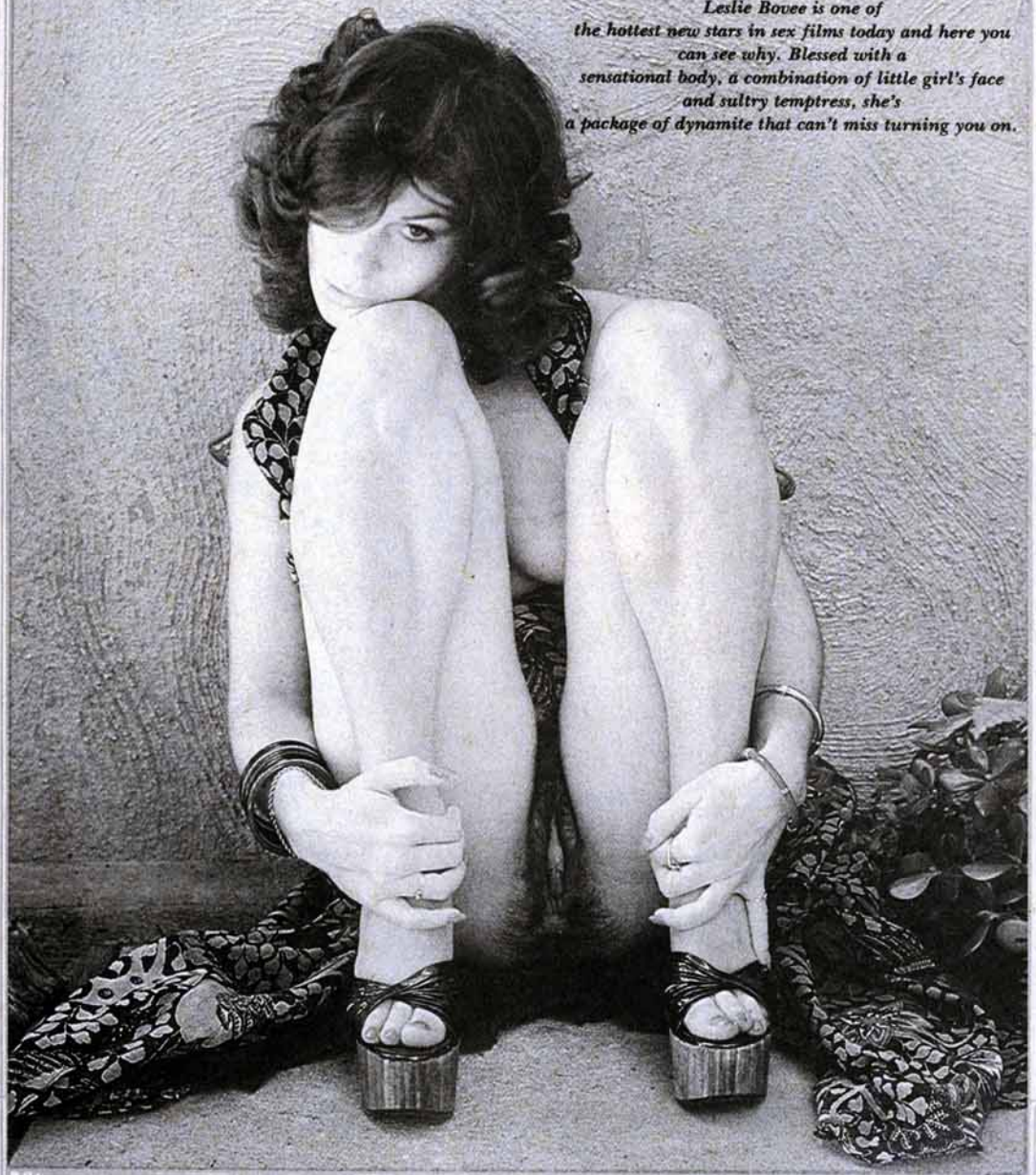
Jack proclaims peace and goodwill to all as he and Poon, Anne and Surecock, sail off into the sunset making love on the poop deck of the BLACK SWAN.●



Leslie Bovee:

Porn Star Undraped

Leslie Bovee is one of the hottest new stars in sex films today and here you can see why. Blessed with a sensational body, a combination of little girl's face and sultry temptress, she's a package of dynamite that can't miss turning you on.



Leslie has made a dramatic appearance on the porn scene with several torrid roles. Her boiler room scene in the bow of a ship, where she greedily and greasily fucks and sucks three shipmates is the most talked about sex scene of the year.

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Humping The Nympo Superfoxes!

(Continued from page 9)

You see? *That's* how you size up the signals and land yourself a Nympho Superfox for the evening. I struck up a conversation with this girl and we decided to be each other's "date" for the evening. We went in to see the movie and the rest you already know. I might also mention that I took her home with me where I fucked her in the ass, in the cunt, in the armpit, between the toes, and between her tits. She made me shoot wads like never before. All it took was reading her signals properly!

I'd like to give you some more inspirational examples of my method for spotting action. I had a very exciting experience on the subway one day, thanks to my ability to accurately interpret the body language, conversation and reading matter of a hot-bod redhead sitting next to me in a jammed rush-hour train.

I was very casually reading my morning **New York Times** (there was a particularly distressing story about gonnorrhea) when this redhead sat down, pressing her well-rounded hip close to mine as she settled into the seat. I turned my head nonchalantly and smiled at her. She didn't seem to notice me at all—she was busy extracting some paperback out of her purse. I thereby concluded that pressing her tush against me as she sat down was merely a matter of expediency on a crowded train rather than a signal of lust.

I returned to my newspaper and finished reading the delightful account of a gonnorrhea outbreak in a community of Hasidic Jews. I gave the redhead no further thought. It was at that point that she surprised me with her first signal of lust—conversation.

"Crowded subways," she said, smiling at me. "They sure bring people close together."

"True," I replied, noting her fine, straight white teeth and cupid's bow lips.

"It's too bad people have to spend their mornings just rushing about," she said, uncrossing her legs with noticeable effort so that air could rush up her skirt into her pussy. "And the subways don't give us much room to stretch, do they?"

"You hit the nail on the head, lady," I said, estimating her tits to be a 38-D under the flimsy summer dress. As for her crotch, well, after she uncrossed her legs the guys on the other side of the train must have gotten quite a clear view up that short-hemmed special. Body language, I noted: This fox is pretty damn horny.

"I'm reading **Plantation Stud Farm**," she said, showing me the paperback. It had a brawny African embracing an ivory-skinned temptress in a shredded crinoline. "The hero is this slave named Kunta. He's got a huge you-know-what."

"A huge what?" I asked, pressing her, although her reading matter had just about given her away.

"A huge wazoo," she said, looking down at my pin-striped crotch. "Probably not as big as yours, though."

I knew it was clear sailing from here on in. "Well, I don't know much about your friend, Kunta," I said, "but I pack a full nine inches for the ladies."

"Let's get off at the next station and fuck in the men's room," she panted.

I took her up on it. The next station had a rather vile looking rest room which nevertheless cost ten cents to enter. The walls were painted blue and peeling, the toilet looked disreputable and the supply of bathroom tissue was nil. Nonetheless, my red-haired superfox got down on the linoleum, hiked her skirt up and pulled down her blue flowered panties. She was bending over on her knees and moaning, "Doggie-style, doggie-style."

I dropped my pin-striped trousers and my jockeys and joined her on the floor. Her cunt was creaming with juice—it dripped like a faucet. I primed her up by thrusting my right middle finger into that eager orifice, in and out, in and out. She started moaning and rubbing her clitty.

"Stick your dick in me, stick it in!" she started screaming. It's a good thing she couldn't be heard over the roar of the trains.

"You're gonna love it, cuteness," I said, ejecting my finger and mounting her from the back. My prong slipped into her pussy with ease. She was so wet it felt like a swamp.

"I'm fuckin' the fuckin' Everglades," I said.

In and out I moved, feeling each inch of my hot red nine penetrating to her innermost vaginal depths. I saw her reach her hands into her blouse and play with her titties. They looked like bells underneath her, they were so huge.

"Lemme suck on your knockers," I said.

"We haven't got time," she said. "Just bang me doggie-style!" And so I did. Her ass-globes were so smooth and firm that I decided to eject my whopper just before climax and shoot my sperm all over them. It would be fun to smear all my white viscous glop on those dynamic cheeks.

My cock felt like a stick of pure power as I fucked away. I could feel the semen gathering in my balls like a convention. She had a wonderfully deep cooz and was able to accommodate my nine inches, which I've found to be a rare capability among American women.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she kept moaning, and I could see the thousand beads of sweat gathering at the small of her back. I really wanted to see this girl totally nude and in a more hospitable setting, like my pad.

"Your cock is so hard," she said. "Fuck me with it like you've fucked no woman."

"My dick is all sticky with your love juice."

She stuck her fingers into her pussy, pulled out a dab of cunt butter and put it in her mouth. "Love that butter," she gasped.

I could feel my load gathering steam. I kept thrusting back and forth like there was no tomorrow, like I didn't have any appointments and I wasn't in a dirty men's room on the I.R.T. And suddenly I passed the point of no return. I began to pull out my dick to shoot on her ass.

"No!!" she screamed, reaching back for my privates and grabbing my balls tightly. "Shoot your wad inside me, fill my belly up with your creamy sperm!"

"Cream delight," I groaned, squirting her full of my seed. She came a moment later, apparently turned on by the thought of a stranger's seed sloshing around in her bod.

We rested for a few moments, then dressed ourselves and caught the next train. Before we parted at Grand Central Station she gave me the names of good "plantation novels" to read.

So as you see, correct signal reading got me laid at a time and place most guys would never even dream of!

One final example should spur you on to triumphs of your own. I was in a famous art museum in New York. I spotted a buxom brunette who flashed me strong signals in all categories. Her clothing was one clue: a low cut black blouse which proudly displayed her accouterments and a short black leather skirt over bare legs. Her reading matter was another: she was carrying a paperback copy of **The Erotic Sculptures of Winifred Linguini**, a study of the works of the famous Anglo-Italian whose specialty is twelve-foot cocks. Her body language was most revealing: she was walking with her legs spread widely apart, as if she were being penetrated in the pussy by some object hidden under the skirt. But it was her eye contact that brought me over to her: she seemed to be reciprocating my bold stares at her peculiar gait.

"Hey, baby," I said, "with a body like yours, who needs museums?"

"Your dick is obviously worthy of a one-man show" she said, stealing a glance at my jeans.

"The exhibit's all for you, honey," I said, sure of success. Her conversation had given her interest away.

Suddenly there was a clatter on the floor below her. A plaster of paris dildo lay on the linoleum between her feet.

"It's a Linguini," she said. "I tried to steal it from the exhibit by sticking it up my pussy!"

"Let's split," I suggested, wary of the guards.

We went back to her apartment. "Why rely on sculpture when you can have the real thing?" I said, extracting my porker from my pants. "Chomp on this for awhile."

It was what she'd wanted from the start, so she dropped to her knees. Her hands felt like heaven as they grasped my staff. I watched her mouth form a crimson oval and descend onto its prize. My cocktip was steamy with its oozings. She licked her tongue around my glans until I went wild. I wanted to shoot gallons in her face.

"I'm working my pussy," she said.

Looking down, I saw her thrusting her hand under her skirt. Since she wore no panties, her probing fingers could go right to the source.

"That's it," I said, "finger yourself while you suck me off. Finger your pussy until it drips your cream all over my floor. After you make me come you're going to lick your pussy juice up off my floor."

"I love pussy juice," she said between licks.

Her mouth moved like a machine gone wild. My cock seemed to be a challenge to her, which was a compliment since she was obviously a nympho who had savored hundreds of dicks. She latched her lips onto my tool like a parasite, sucking, licking, preparing for the Big Drain. She reached up her free hand and jiggled my balls with fondness.

"These seem full of good cream," she said, looking up and smiling.

"Every girl should get her daily quota of cream," I quipped.

In and out my tool pounded her face. I loved seeing how her cheeks sucked in as she worked her artistry on me. Finally I knew that the moment of happiness was about to arrive. I quickly envisioned it—this brunette honey, working my dick to a frenzy, finally gets her reward in long ribbons of gooey sperm trailing down her face, oozing over her gently rouged cheeks. It was a wonderful image. And, I can report happily, it was exactly what occurred. I pulled out at the right moment and squirted my triumphant load directly into her left eye (which I later found out was glass). The sperm dripped down in gentle rivulets which she wiped up with her fingers and swallowed with a saucy grin.

So that's it, friends! Carefully interpret the signals like I've shown you and you'll soon be humping the Nympho Superfoxes who hornily inhabit every last city, town and hamlet in the good old USA! ●

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THE HONEYMOONERS

(Continued from page 12)

can't get a better blow-job elsewhere!

Forgetting about C.J.'s expertise for a moment and continuing on with our story, Josephine rubs a gunky handful of baby lotion onto her snatch and massages it in before allowing Norton to put his car into her shaft. It's a tight fit, but they don't have any intention of stopping until they've gotten to the roof. In the midst of this rather shameless display of fornication, the buzzer rings in Josephine's apartment. It's Ronzoni, the doorman. "Hey, babe," he announces, "the other elevator repairman is on his way up. But don't worry, you shouldn't have any trouble taking care of his tool either—if you know what I mean." Ronzoni's voice is full of sarcasm. Obviously he isn't getting any from the nice lady and has developed a severe case of twisted testicles.

In addition to her terrific, succulent lips, C.J. has also developed one hell of a clit. While she is fucking the balls off of Norton, the camera rolls in for a tight shot on her tight twat. It seems to shine with a glow all its own as the juices flow—no, *pour*—down her spread thighs and into the crack of her ass. If this doesn't get your blood pressure up, nothing will.

Finally (not that anyone has really missed him, what with all the sucking and fucking that's been taking place) Ralph arrives and Josephine is anxious to make him feel at home. Answering the door in a long, slinky white robe, she invites the second repairman in, naturally, in more ways than one. "Why don't you sit down over there," she says, pointing to an empty chair, "and I'll give you something to eat." Not one to be bothered with ham and cheese sandwiches, Josephine offers her snatch. Sure, it's still gooey from Norton's spunk, but Ralph is so out of it he can always pretend its mayonnaise.

The human vacuum cleaner applies her suction-cup lips and starts in right away with Ralph. The producers of **The Honeymooners** don't believe in wasting valuable footage on nonsense. They keep the action at a steady pace. You don't have a moment to catch your breath!

Seeing that she's gotten herself into more than she can handle, Josephine races to the phone and calls her neighbor. Marlene (Terri Hall) is a gorgeous black-haired lady who arrives in skin-tight pants and a choker around her neck. She doesn't even bother to ask what it's all about. To her, men mean lots of fucking, and there's nothing that she likes better. Marlene takes one look at Norton and lets him know what she has in mind: "I'll put your cock in my mouth and suck you till you're so hard that you explode. You have a beautiful cock!"

Terri Hall, as most of **FLICK's** readers will know, is a beautiful chick—a dynamite looker—and apparently Ralph and Norton agree, seemingly not able to get enough of her. As the music blares in the background—"Brother, brother, don't use it all up, save some of that stuff"—the elevator repairmen go to town, getting their rocks off. Ralph lets Terri have it. We see her butt high in the air, her legs spread wide apart, her cunt like a cave with her man lost inside. For extra thrills, we see Ralph poking a finger in between her ass cheeks, well up her dirt trail. Holy shit, is all I can say!

Eventually, all good things must come to an end, and the boys depart with promises to return some other day—even if there isn't an elevator that needs fixing. Both have wives to go home to, and it's getting late in the day. Once out of earshot, the buzzer lets out with a loud blast. It's that creep Ronzoni again, trying to get his foot in the door, but to no avail. "Hey, Josephine, this is Ronzoni. I get off work in a little while, and I thought I'd come up with a bottle of Sangria."

"Stuff it, Ronzoni!" Josephine is adamant.

"I would if you told me where."

"In your ear, shit-head!" the conversation continues, disintegrating in the process.

"I can't," the doorman signs off, "it's not big enough."

Probably—this clod is so stupid—he's tried it.

While most of the fooling around transpires in Josephine's apartment (there are no elaborate settings here, just a couple of chairs, a couch and beds) Ralph and Norton *do* have good sex lives at home. Ralph (don't be surprised) is married to Alice (Susanne Humphries) and everything is great at home except that Ralph (naturally) can't stand his wife's mother. "She's got a big mouth, Alice, a big mouth." So what else is new?

The next time the two men visit Josephine's abode, they find two other delightful young ladies lying around, stripped to the bone and giving each other a tongue bath. The guys may be shocked (lesbianism isn't something they are all that familiar with) but they soon learn to appreciate the scene unfolding before their dazed eyes.

As I've already mentioned, there are no elaborate backdrops in **The Honeymooners**. All the action takes place in simple surroundings. But you really don't notice. If you like your sex nonstop—hot and heavy—and don't give a damn about esoteric beauty, you'll really praise this film to no end. The audience on 42nd Street, where I saw **The Honeymooners**, adored it. They were laughing and swaying in their seats with every push and pull of a cock and every slush of a wet pussy. If they could possibly put more sex into a motion picture, you'd need a boat to leave the theater. ●

Screwing A Starlet

(Continued from page 17)

whether the K-Y Jelly is glistening and one of the guys is using his light meter as if it were a rectal thermometer, the mood doesn't hit you.

Even when I take Rex's shaft through my rear door, I can't be me. There's something about having a foreign body being pistoned into your anus which causes gases to be compressed. But you can't discharge them because the sensitive mike would pick up the sounds. And in most houses on-screeen farting is a no-no. So I wind up containing Rex, methane and all. It just isn't the least bit spontaneous.

By late afternoon I've really had it. What's happened is my cunt, my mouth and my ass have been thoroughly sensitized. I begin fantasizing about how I'd really enjoy having them catered to. I know I'm not going to find what I'm looking for in the world of make-believe eroticism.

So as soon as Gus gives me the crisp $500 (everything is done on a cash basis) I shove it into my panties (no mugger would ever think of looking for money there) and split for home. It's shower, perfume, clean undies, stretch pants and wicked looking knee length boots time. As soon as I'm ready, I hop into my Beetle and take off for one of the better friendly cocktail lounges around. Not one of the downtown swinging singles emporiums–some little out of the way place where the guys all think I'm a lovely head but never would dream that I earn my bucks the way I do. (That's the strange part of it. You can fuck on screen in 35 millimeter, 70 millimeter or any other millimeter. You can do it in color, stereovision or any other vision. And when you get all done, all you have to do is rearrange your hairdo and nobody recognizes you.)

I like it that way–not because I'm ashamed of what I do for a living. Far from it. I give value received for value paid. It's just that when it comes to fucking on my own time, I want to do it my way.

My way is to pick the most likely looking dude I meet. He doesn't have to be all that handsome or flash a role that would choke a horse. He has to look like he's willing to work at pleasing me. I want to be catered to.

I'll skip the preliminaries since I'm sure you're not interested in the boy

(Please turn page)

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meets girl part of it. Just suffice it to say we've met, the vibes are good and we've gotten to where it's very private between us.

From the very beginning I'm totally in charge. I show my playmate how I want him to strip off my clothes (a girl never feels sexier than when she's standing sprattle-legged and her lover is kneeling before her, sliding her panties down over her thighs.)

As long as he's assumed the bent knee position, he might as well make the most of it, or so I let him know by pressing his head into my crotch so that he can savor the musty wetness of my already dripping cunt.

A lot of guys dream of muff diving but rarely get the chance. Give it to them and they lap it up like a cat going after cream. I stand there, holding onto his ears, feeling my belly knot up with the building excitement. I urge him on, screaming my delight when he clamps his teeth on my swollen clit. By moving my body in just the right way, I let him know that I'm giving him an opportunity to pay homage to my puckered little asshole.

That's a good phrase, "pay homage." We once used it in a Victorian period erotic film. Just being me and being pretty gets me all the men I want to pay me homage.

I spread my ass cheeks with my palms and bend over. His tongue is hot and soft. I touch myself between the legs, getting my fingers soaked with my juices.

We attack each other with our mouths, biting, chewing, blowing, sucking. My lips brand the head of his cock, my teeth graze his shaft, I lick my way around his balls and into the crack between his cheeks. He's throbbing, he's jumping, he's groaning. Believe me, he isn't thinking about billing or camera angles or position. He may not be endowed like Rex (after all, the average Joe would be hard pressed to claim more than seven inches) but he makes up for that with his cooperative spirit. My nightime playmate is all heart and that is all I ask.

We roll across the floor, grabbing and gouging, patting and stroking. There are no space restrictions, no worrying about getting out of camera range. He licks my tits until the nipples turn hard as little nuts. I do things to his belly button and scrotum.

We come together in any way which seems most comfortable at the moment. It doesn't make a bit of difference whether he's on top of me or I'm on top of him or we're side by side, or we're doing it doggie fashion. There are a hundred ways a guy can jam his prick into a girl's cunt. My motto is, "If it works, if it fits, I'll try it."

We're locked together, churning, heaving, sweating, grinding. Our bodies are sweat-soaked. I'm not moaning or groaning or screaming the way I do on the screen. I'm too busy just trying to breathe. My average guy isn't trying to hold back. He knows that if he comes, I'll take care of making sure that we replace the lead in his pencil.

And I have my ways of doing that. I know what to do with my finger in a man's ass. I know how to tenderize him with my mouth and tits. I know what a well aimed hair brush can do to restore a guy's charge. I know all the silly little sex games that make up the He and She Fantasy Land. And I'm not the least bit bashful about playing them.

On my own turf, free from the world of the almighty buck, I'm a free wheeling little butter ball of passion and lust.

I've done the damndest things with some guys. I've been into light S&M and B&D. I've laughed my way through a session or two of water sports. I've done it all and never got tired of doing it.

I guess the funniest thing that ever happened to me was the night I spent with Don. It was after a particularly horrendous day on the set. Don was just superb—in bed, standing up, on the floor, any way you can imagine.

When we got all done, Don told me he was a woman's doctor.

I said, "Luv, after you've spent all day looking up girl's snatches, how can you have any interest in screwing?"

Don answered. "This is different. A woman in the stirrups is work. It puts the meat on the table and the wine in my glass. Being inside your vagina (Don wouldn't use a word like snatch) is play. I don't fuck your sex organs. I fuck the entire you."

I guess that's the way it is for me, too. When I'm on the set, I fuck a man's sex organs. When I'm on my own, I fuck the entire man. And when I'm fucking the entire man, I never hear a remark that comes close to having anything to do with "artistic temperament." ●

ODYSSEY

(Continued from page 51)

nightmare of sexual abandon flailing her body around to catch whips, pricks, billows of cum and whatever else is pointed her way. Other ladies, the fuzzy cunted Claudine, the gloriously gashed Gloria and the charming little cock-sucker Catherine all share other dreams of orgasmic glee, letting their imaginations run wild.

Damiano once again comes across with a unique blend of special affects, sexual realism and satisfyingly filmed prime pussy It's a film you won't want to miss.

The film opens in a discotheque where a group of characters in search of an orgasm describe their problems. One fellow complains about his pain in the ass wife who doesn't seem to wish either a pain in her ass or a prick in her poon. He goes home and changes all that with the help of a video-tape machine, focusing on his wife and getting her tuned into the idea of making their own blue TV show.

She yawns her hairy vagina open and then gets jolted by the sudden vigorous thrusts of the man she had dared to question on carnality. Before she knows it she's getting the fuck of her life, spread on the bed, embedded with cock, rocking back and forth in sweaty-thighed bliss. She can't believe the forceful fuck she's getting—her own, sucking cock in a horny homage to hardons. Up and down she slides her greasy cum hungry tongue, and her hubby keeps feeding her the meat. They grind and buck and fuck all over the bed, the camera equipment becoming as over-heated as they are.

She groans, she gasps, she cries out for more as the slurping sounds echo around the room, whispering and urging the couple on to new hot heights. The husband is unstoppable in his pursuit of poon, slamming at that slit, then jamming his cock down her throat until she comes a dozen times and is left so satisfied she can't move.

All this at the very beginning of the film. There's more at the end, and what an ending it is, too. Damiano is not afraid to mix comedy and sex, or revolting bloody scenes with sex. When Georgina Spelvin sliced up her wrist with a razor, Damiano was only whetting his appetite for bizarre death scenes.

Our heroine of the last scene is a fucking machine. She just can't get enough. Her feeling is that she must be feeling—feeling a fat cock stuffed up her cunt or choking down her throat. She will not deny herself as she goes from man to man, mowing and blowing them down in order. She pays hungry lip service to one stud, and when he billows a gallon of gobby sperm down her esophagus she feels a fire in her hairy box that can only be put out with a similar cumload directed up her dizzy ditch. The bitch goes wild, sitting on top of a huge cock and slamming up and down like a horny merry-go-round horse. Up and down she goes on the pole, the fat cock searing the sides of her cunt, nearly splitting her cuntlips, making the skin crawl in her vaginal walls.

After this fuckfest which sees her sweating but sexually satiated as only a triple fuck scene, one on top of the other, can give, the lady is all fucked up. Literally, too. For the moralistic Gerard

GROSSED IN SPACE

(Continued from page 31)

over the capsule.

"You stupid cock sucking cunt!" Adam cried out as he saw his sperm breaking up into little lava-like loads. He hurredly put his helmet on but Lana, in an intense state of orgasm from banging the lever on the control panel, spun loose from her mooring and began sailing across the capsule again, her body becoming spattered with the sperm that slid and shimmered in mid-air.

Adam's vision became blurred by the gobs of cum hitting against his glass visor and he cursed her over and over.

"The experiment is a total failure!" he cried in agitation.

"Oooooooh!" Lana cried as a dribble of cum slid up her nose.

Gradually the remainder of his titanic sperm splash settled up along the ceiling. Adam hit the emergency vacuum system and the driblets began a misty exit through the ventilating system. Adam took his helmet off again as Lana sailed close to him, her gaping pink gash looming into view. Lana spread her legs and wrapped her thighs around Adam's head as he unfurled his tongue in her furry hole.

"Explore places that have been uncharted by other men!" Lana cried out in a state of bliss as she felt the long slick tongue of Colonel Adam Sawyer snake up her cunt. She grew delirious as he lapped at her flaps and sucked on her clit like a bursting berry. Adam grabbed handfuls of her fat moon and hung onto her tightly, his thumbs edging into her anus. She whimpered and watched through half-closed eyes as his head bobbed in her lap. The couple spun in a mad sixty-nine circle in space as Lana latched onto Adam's stiff cock and she began to suck again, feeling his weightless balls slap against her chin. Adam licked her cuntlips and stuck a thumb all the way up her ass as he felt Lana's humming mouth vibrating up and down his cock.

They disengaged and floated off, and as Lana bent over and leaned against the capsule wall, they performed another experiment—an experiment in docking maneuvers. Adam sailed back to her, his eyes studying her quivering butt cheeks.

"Dock me, fuck me, fuck me!" Lana cried.

"I'll fuck that crater to pieces," Adam responded with a grunt, eyeing the glistening cunt. With a low growl Adam sprung off in a muff dive, springing from one wall toward Lana. His itchy cock throbbed as he gracefully came in for a landing. Lana bent over farther and she rubbed her greasy fingers across her snatch in anticipation.

"Do it! Do it!" Lana cried out and she got her wish—she felt the hot tip of Adam's stiff cock begin to penetrate. "Oh—oh—oh no! Oh! Mayday! Mayday!"

"Mayday?" Adam grunted, plunging into the warm tight hole as he closed his eyes after a perfect target shoot. He jammed his cock in and out urgently. "Mayday . . . what . . . the . . . fuck . . . do . . . you . . . mean . . . Mayday?" he gasped with every deep thrust.

"Mmmmmaaaaaydaaaay!" Lana moaned, grabbing her buoyantly bobbing tits and squeezing on them.

"Oh Mayday my ass!" Adam hissed as he fucked.

"No, *MY ASS!* You're up my ass! My ass! My poor virgin asshole! Gaaaaah, you're fucking me up my ass and it's driving me up a wall!"

So saying, Lana began to climb the wall, like a fly with another fly fucking it. Adam was too hot to stop, and he kept it up, jamming his cock up her ass while flicking his fingers across Lana's box, strumming her snatch. Soon Lana's pain turned to intense pleasure and she begged him to fuck her harder and harder. And then at last, Adam felt his hot cum pumping up Lana's ass, and she could do nothing more than gasp as he nailed her. He withdrew his cock and sailed through the air as though on cloud

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Damiano doesn't really like to see a lady get away with a lay. Poor Miss Jones—she couldn't have her cocks and eat them too. She had to pay the price for her porn. And once again our porn director, who aspires to the ranks of Federico Fellation, creates another sensation. After all that fucking and sucking, our heroine asks for a special kind of dildo. Long, slim and made out of metal. Evidently she was never squeamish when she saw menstrual blood come out of her cunt. She wants to see the blood flow—see herself deflowered as only a pistol can do it. Now some people can shoot their mouths off. But this chick? You get the picture, what a way for her to end—she gets it in the end.

Gerard Damiano's "Odyssey" is yet another example of wonderful taste, superb plot, brilliant acting and intelligent, thought-provoking theory. Well—when it comes to sticking in a lot of sex in good crisp color with a bit more intelligence than the average baboon who can crank a camera while cranking her crank, Gerry Damiano is once again in top form. ●

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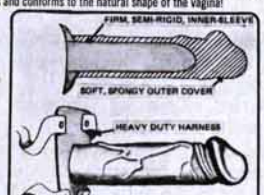

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nine. Lana, her eyes glazed, resembled a torpedoed blimp as she slowly tipped in the air and started to fall toward the floor, trailing little bubbles of cum from her ass like a drowning deep-sea diver trailing air.

"Ohhhh, I'm fucked, soooo fuuuuucked!" she whispered. She reached out for her chair and managed to catch hold of part of her safety belt. She held onto it dearly as Adam sailed with a smile on his face.

"Pierce Mission 12. Over," the radio crackled.

Adam glanced up at the decal sticker on the corner of the control panel: "Franklin Pierce Lunar Mission 12." He turned the receiver on.

"Pierce Mission 12 A.O.K."

"Has everything been going on schedule? Are you still on course and aimed at the proper trajectory?"

Adam looked down and saw his stiff cock pointing at the pooped female astronaut sitting in her chair.

"Yes, aimed at the proper trajectory. It has been all during the flight."

"You should be landing on the moon in an hour."

"I already landed on the moon," Adam smirked as Lana stuck an inquisitive finger into her widened asshole.

"What? What was that?"

"Nothing. Pierce Mission 12 over and out."

Adam sailed down to his chair and began to check the dials and levers to make sure everything was in readiness for the lunar landing. He gently stroked Lana's pussy and she quivered.

"Better get dressed, Lana. In a little while we'll be making history—the first man and woman landing on the moon."

Lana looked up sleepily.

"You already made history. You fucked me up the ass, you fucked me in every hole I have. Ohhh, my ass! I—I think I'm gonna shit!"

Adam's eyes opened wide in terror.

"No! No, get a plastic bag! Hurry! You know what happened when you couldn't swallow all my come! Lana—we're still in a state of weightlessness. Oh Lana—please!"

But Lana's fingers were jammed up on her ass cheeks trying to prevent the inevitable. She stuck a thumb in her anus but it exploded like the cork in a pop gun and as Adam dove for cover, hurriedly getting back into his space suit, round balls of shit began to chug out of Lana's asshole as her cannon-like anus let out a piercing fart-like sound.

As Adam gazed hopelessly up in the air, the capsule became alive with what looked like meatballs, bouncing off the walls and caroming all over the place. Lana wailed as one of the bouncing balls caught her in the forehead and stuck.

"This is getting ridiculous," Adam uttered.

"T-turn on the vacuums, get this shit out of here!"

Adam shook his head. The bouncing shit balls were too heavy and they were going past too fast. Lana reached out for the vacuum lever.

"Lana—don't! You're putting it in reverse—"

The meaty shitballs hit against the whirring fans of the vacuum and the suction, moving in reverse, gushed out liquidated mists of shit through the capsule.

"So, the shit hits the fan," Adam muttered, trying to see through his caked visor.

"Pierce Mission 12. Over," the radio crackled.

"Oh shit."

"Is something wrong?"

"Meteor attack."

"Lunar landing in fifteen minutes. Get ready, Colonel Sawyer. Get ready, Dr. Kekitch."

Adam and Lana stayed close to the floor as they began the delicate navigations. The ship soared on toward the moon and with no difficulty at all it landed safely alongside a hard crusted crater.

Television cameras, set up from previous moon missions, turned on by remote control in anticipation of seeing the first man and woman, the first couple, standing triumphantly on the moon.

Inside, Adam and Lana giggled as they sat on the floor.

"What a flight," Adam chuckled.

"Know what?"

"What?"

"I wanna fuck some more!"

Adam poked his finger up Lana's cunt and tickled her. He was getting turned on, too.

"100 million people back on earth are waiting to see the first couple on the moon," he mused. "Let's really make space history! Let's do it!"

The two astronauts stared at each other hotly. Perhaps it was the oxygen supply—later astronauts would discover that there was too much pure oxygen circulating in the suits. Perhaps it was simply that NASA had picked two strange astronauts. For whatever reason, 100 million saw the strange sight of a man and woman climbing out of a spaceship onto the surface of the moon—and they were naked except for space helmets, boots and oxygen supplies on their backs.

"Dr. Kekitch! Colonel Sawyer!" the radio sputtered. The two astronauts merely laughed. Adam and Lana bounced across the terrain until they were just a few feet away from the TV cameras. Adam laughed as he pulled the first moon on the moon, bending over right into the camera. Lana jogged in place, her big boobs bouncing and flapping up and down. Then the two sank down into the soft lunar dust and their fucking rhythm began. They stirred up the dust as they fucked, Adam pounding, Lana rising to meet his thrusts. Despite the frantic implorings from mission control, they fucked and fucked and fucked on the weightless surface of the moon. Lana found that she rose and fell with Adam's movements. He hung to her and pounded her cunt. She arched upward. She was almost bobbing up and down, impaling herself again and again. She bashed her butt against the lunar surface, rising up to send his hot cock deeper and deeper.

And then suddenly, the grossest scene in the history of space transmissions played across the television sets of the world. The fucked-up couple fucked into a frenzy, and they bounced along the surface of the moon with each thrust and each push. They bounced along the dusty surface, almost out of camera range. But not quite out of camera range. The people back on earth saw the copulating space couple hit a soft patch of lunar dust and bounce up in the air—and then sink six feet below the planet's surface.

"Pierce Mission 12! Pierce Mission 12!" the radio crackled.

"Ohhhhh fffffuuuuuuuu. . . ." two voices echoed through the endless void of space. ●

ASS FUCKING MOTHER TRUCKING

(Continued from page 39)

out a fat foot-long dildo and straps it around her waist, and suddenly—wham—she hoists the guy's legs over her shoulders and gives him a missionary assfuck, jamming her plastic cock up his hole while he grimaces in pain. Shots show the girl's pink pantycovered ass pumping back and forth. The chicks all go wild, masturbating each other and sucking each other's tits. They throw the guy on his back and he eats muff while another girl sucks him off. He fucks one of them and pumps his cum all over her tits. The film is an uneven blend of alternating domination and willing submission but the color is good and the action hardcore throughout.

Kama Sutra Films has a number of lesbian numbers in their catalog, including #3 **Sisters of Lust**. To quote from their own evaluation: "A young girl and a beautiful woman engage in a lesbian lovers delight, as these two oversexed nymphs reach violent ecstasy," tonguing and rubbing their hot cracks. #4 in the series is **Lips of Lust** with a similar big titted twosome massaging each other, putting fingers into flaps and sucking and fucking in crisp color.

For fans of the really bizarre, there's Hollywood Classic Film #15. As the film opens, a woman is seen playing with her dog in the yard. The dog greets her with anxious jumps, and as the wind blows the woman's dress up, the dog goes into

a frenzy. And the woman knows it! She unchains the dog and before she can even get her panties down he's on top of her, trying to get in her. Finally with her underwear around her ankles, she spreads for a simulated dog-style dig.

From the window, her white haired husband watches. He is amused. He lets the dog do his work, and then when it's over he drags his wife in the barn. He watched her try to fuck a dog, so now it's her turn—to watch him try to fuck a pig! First he trys to lick the fat sow's pale dirty cunt, sticking his fingers in and out of the oinker, massaging the pig until he's ready to cut out the fakin' and fuck the bacon. He greases up and pulls the pig's tail up and wham!

The pig squeals and takes off—and there's a bizarre scene of a naked man and a naked woman both chasing a pig round and round the barn. He nails the animal again for another series of attempted fucks before the fadeout.

Most of the films mentioned in this column can be found at local porn shops and sell where legal for $20 a reel. The films, with the exception of Hollywood Classic #15, were supplied to us by Kinematics, Box 352, New York 10019. They tell us they scrupulously stay within legal bounds. A self-addressed stamped envelope to them would secure information on what is legal in your particular area. ●

THE MAKING OF A FUCK FLICK!

(Continued from page 45)

enough burned by the job I'd done on **Teenage Twins**? Although **Twins** was a box office success, it met with almost universal indifference or snarls from the critics. Ah, but Carter knew best. Apparently, he'd realized something I myself was not aware of: between **Twins** and now, with several other scripts and film treatments under my belt, I'd learned a little something about how to write a movie.

Long before I sat down to write **Punk Rock**, Carter prepared me carefully. First, he took me to a famous and delightfully decadent New York night-club, to see the glitter-rock band which he wanted to star in his flick. In a dark and smoky upstairs room, surrounded by druggies, young Mafiosi, youthful prostitutes and their pimps and assorted sexy little groupies, we listened to the raunchy, ear splitting sounds of a punk rock band called Stilletto.

After the show he took me backstage to meet the band. The coke was flying like Ajax, the hash and weed like cheap cigars at an Elks' smoker. He introduced me to Leon, the lead guitarist, a tall, somber black man—and transvestite; to Chibo, the wiry, tattooed drummer who raced around the crowded dressing room like Prince Amphetamine; and to Elda. Elda was the band's sexy singer,

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songwriter, choreographer and leader. She also sewed all the band's kinky costumes. She was also a piece of ass.

On stage, Elda outdid the rest of an already frantically energetic band with her combination of hot, powerful singing, sexy dancing and subtle comic sense. She and her boys put on quite a show. Backstage they were just as bizarre and kinky, and I was duly impressed. Afterwards Carter informed me that he wanted the band as a main ingredient in the script. He further suggested that the script be a *crime* story, centered in the New York punk rock underground. And when he informed me that his male lead was going to be Wade Nichols, a honcho porn actor who can actually *act*, the ideas started popping in my head like firecrackers!

The budget for **Punk Rock** had its limits, of course, so as I wrote I concentrated on elements which weren't terribly expensive to produce: no European locations or thousand-extras battle scenes. Instead, I made use of interesting camera angles, simple but exciting special effects (the movie's full of fancy gun and knife play) and, naturally, carloads of kinky sex. Oh yes, and storyline. Bogart would have enjoyed **Punk Rock.**

Here's the plot: Jimmy Dillinger is a hardboiled New York private eye and ex-cop. He has just rescued a pretty young runaway from the sleazy massage parlor where she'd been working. As the film opens, he is busy in bed, sampling the runaway's delicious wares prior to sending her back to mom and dad in the suburbs. Suddenly, he gets a call from his senior partner, Travis, who orders him to leave the girl where she is and come right over by himself.

But when Jimmy gets to his partner's place, he finds Travis dead with a knife in his chest. A note attached to the knife warns Jimmy to "stay out of other people's business." Jimmy calls his home, but the phone is answered by Ralphie, a sleazy underworld type, who informs Jimmy tauntingly that he is taking the runaway "back where she belongs." Jimmy realizes he's been set up, that Travis was killed just to lure him away from the girl so she could be kidnapped. He decides to go after the kidnappers and killers on a trail which leads him from massage parlors to penthouse apartments to decadent rock 'n roll clubs and after-hours joints—a panorama of the raunchy, exciting New York underground. The movie finishes with a trick ending which I defy you to figure out in advance. I myself didn't know who killed whom until I was half-way through the writing!

I was set for much of the filming of **Punk Rock**, and it was fascinating. Carter Stevens brought the thing together with some really masterful strokes. Since the film's action takes place against the backdrop of New York underground decadence, rather than resort to easy studio sets, Carter filmed most the entire movie *on location!* For instance, the rock 'n roll nightclub scenes where much of the action (and music) takes place were actually filmed at a posh, Upper East Side bawdy house. The penthouse scenes were filmed in the home of a prominent New York madam. The massage parlor scenes were done in a—you guessed it.

And then there was the cast—probably one of the strangest, most varied groupings of people ever assembled for a movie of this sort. On the one hand, Carter hired a number of incredibly competent professional actors and actresses for some of the straight, non-fucking rolls, all of whom gave performances which I believe they'll be proud of.

But as I have indicated, many of the characters in **Punk Rock** are underground, criminal types. And for these roles Carter hired—well, I want to keep the use of all my arms and legs, so I'll just say that a number of the actors came to work equipped with their own guns and switchblades. The only problem came in convincing some of them to load up with *blanks!*

The atmosphere on set was interesting. As most of you know, most porn sets (bullshit publicity aside) are quite *un*sexy and coldly business-like. But here again, **Punk Rock** was different. Of course the crew was competent and efficient. But crew and cast alike were clearly having a fine old time. Even in the midst of back (and ball) breaking sixteen hour days, the friendly sexy party atmosphere never left. Nor did the knowledge that a damn good movie was being made—not just another porn flick.

Between takes, one of the actresses is sitting down with a cup of coffee and a cigarette. It's been a long day, and Jeannie's been fucking and sucking like a semifinalist in the Sexual Olympics. As Wade Nichols passes by on his way to the john, Jeannie says:

"Hey Wade. . .What comes next?"

Wade stops in mid-stride and in his best tough-guy voice (remember, he's playing a private eye) he says:

"I'll tell you what comes next, honey. *You* come next. I'm gonna eat your pussy till it drops off!"

Jeannie just giggles, but five minutes later Wade is doing just what he promised—he's eating Jeannie out while she lies back on top of a flashing, clanging pinball machine! And Jeannie is a good actress, but not good enough to be faking what *she's* doing, which is coming and coming till her hair curls. Practically.

Of course, Carter Steven's decision to utilize "authentic" locations had a few undesirable side effects. The crew is busy setting up for a big and eventful orgy scene in the nightclub. The orgiasts have already assembled and are involved in various forms of partying, laughing, talking, smoking and boozing, prior to getting down to the on-camera sex. Suddenly, a call comes in from the leading actress of the scene. She'll be there, but she'll be arriving a bit late. It seems her "manager" has gotten into a little argument with one of her clients and, uh, she has to wipe up the blood and uh, wait for the ambulance.

But she does arrive, and the scene does get started. The rock band goes into a hard-driving, carefully choreographed number. Elda, the lead singer, is incredibly sexy and provocative, and Carter has embellished her act with the addition of some beautifully undressed dancers. The script calls for the audience to go wild, and they do. Even though they haven't read the script. Several members of the "audience" are really veteran porn actors and actresses, and they perform with admirable precision, but as the rock number ends and the orgy scene continues *everybody* gets into the act. Most of the audience is made up of gifted amateurs. As four, five and six way fuck scenes are shot, it becomes clear that the only problem comes in getting the participants to listen when Carter yells, "Cut!"

Only one major technical problem arises. A man and woman are doing a scene which calls for him to stand and fuck her while she lies back on a table. They make an attractive couple, and in fact in the *real* world are husband and wife. They are doing this acting job more for the kinky pleasure of it than for the small amount of money involved. The woman lies back on the table and her husband gets to work. Then the table starts rocking. And then it falls over, almost leaving us minus one starlet. But troopers that they are, they get back to it as soon as the table is picked up. In fact, they get back to it with such horny abandon that the table starts tipping again.

Carter calls a halt while crew members scurry around for sandbags, which it turns out do no good at all. Finally, a most interesting arrangement is worked out: what you will see on screen is a beautiful, voluptuous, raven haired beauty clad only in a garter belt, being banged on a tabletop in the middle of a crowded nightclub by her naked boyfriend. What you will *not* see is the base of the table, where a rather buxom scriptgirl and a production assistant have their arms wrapped around the base and are holding on as if to the mast of a ship in a hurricane. You will see the come shot, too, where the young man of the couple unleashes an enormous sperm-spray onto his wife's belly, among other places. But you will *not* realize how lucky the production assistant was to be wearing wrap around sunglasses at that very moment.

The sex scenes in **Punk Rock** are among the best I've seen in an adult feature. I can say that without appearing

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immodest because the sex scenes are successful due more to the, ah, acting than the writing. That is to say, there was very little acting involved. But in terms of real acting, Wade Nichols is the marvel of the film.

I'd seen Wade work on several other film shoots and I knew he had some real acting ability. But in **Punk Rock** he outdoes himself. As you know if you've read his recent **FLICK** interview, Wade is something of a heavy in real life: he's into motorcycles, old jazz and fine guns. While he's never obnoxious about his bull-maleness, you never get the impression with Wade that you might be in the presence of a woman in reverse drag.

In that sense, the role of Jimmy Dillinger, a swaggering, bitter, tough-guy detective, was perfect for Wade. And he took to the role like a pig to shit. It was fascinating to watch him develop into the Jimmy Dillinger character. Wade's a method-type actor, and as he *became* Dillinger, his slight swagger and wise-guy arrogance increased too, and stuck to him even off camera. He normally speaks in a well-modulated, standard American voice, but as time went on the working class Brooklyn accent grew and grew.

But of course, he's always a gentleman, Wade is. I'm sure *he'd* never talk dirty to a lady. So when his leading lady, Jeannie, asked him between takes, "Hey Wade. . .What comes next?" in that scene I mentioned earlier, I'm sure it was *Jimmy Dillinger* who answered as impudently as he did. But as I said before, Jeannie didn't seem to mind at all. At least Wade and Jimmy were *both* men of their word! ●

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